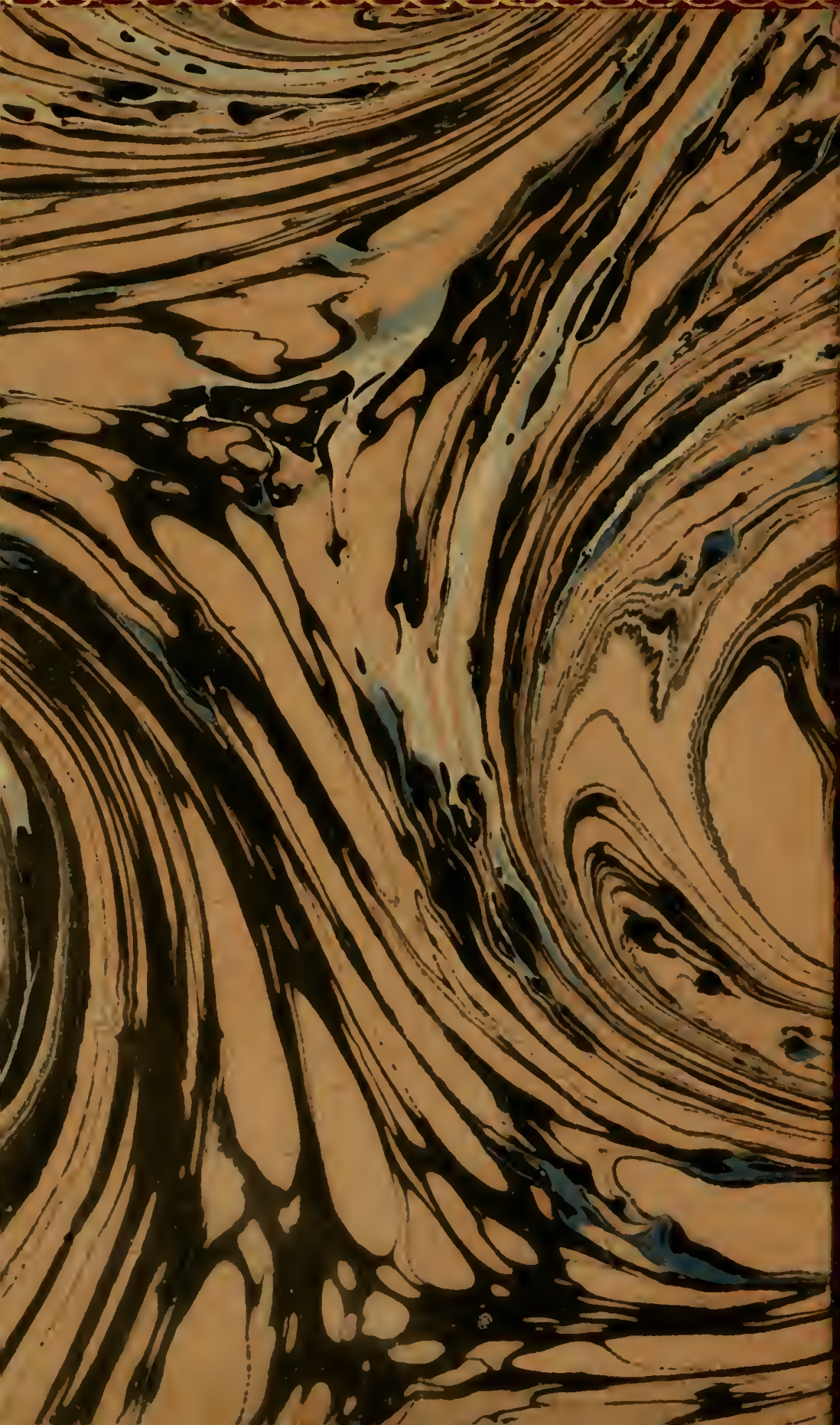

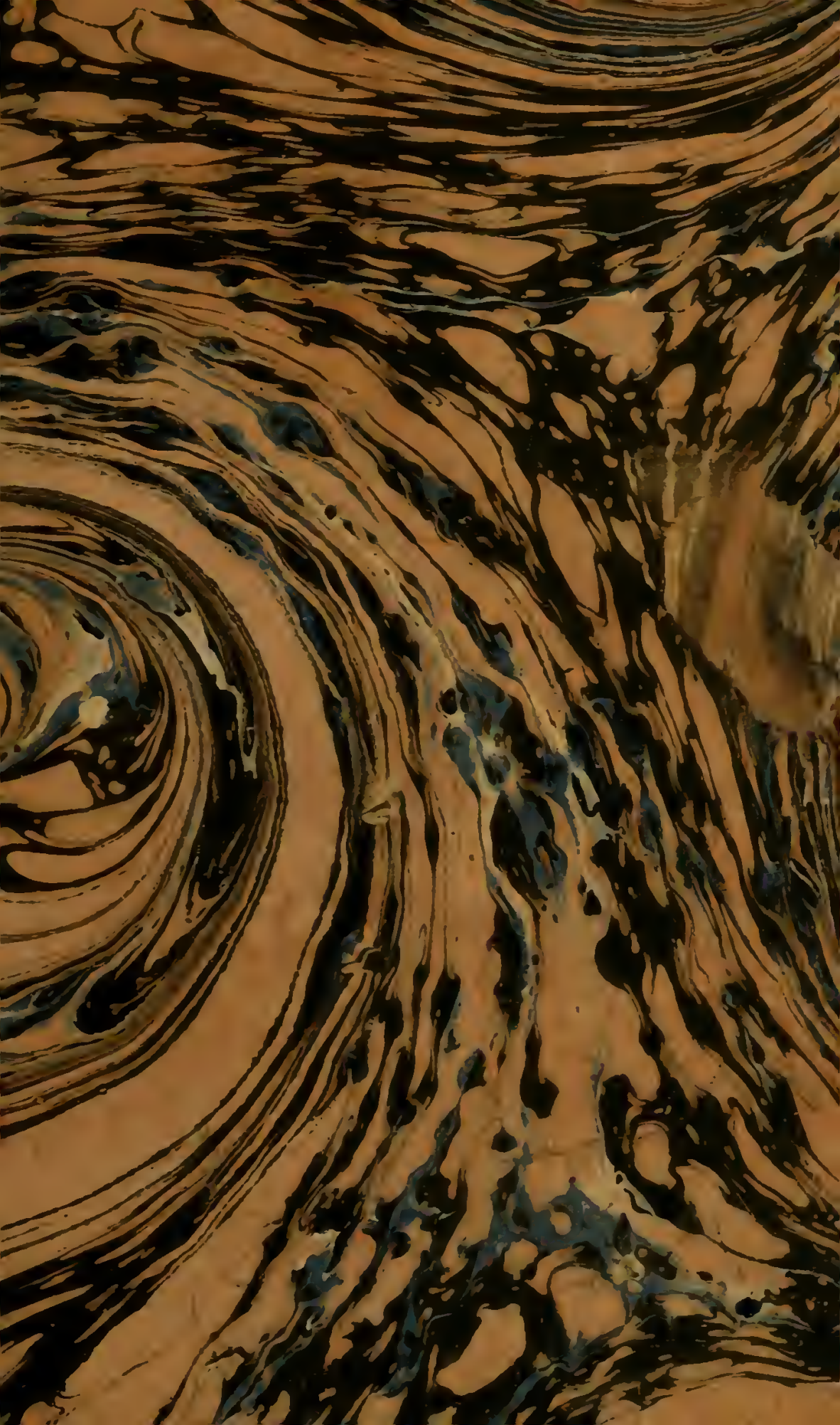

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THE SECOND *WASH*:

OR

The *Moore* Scour'd once *more*,

Being

A Charitable *Cure* for the *Distractions* of *Alazonomastix*.

By *Eugenius Philalethes*.

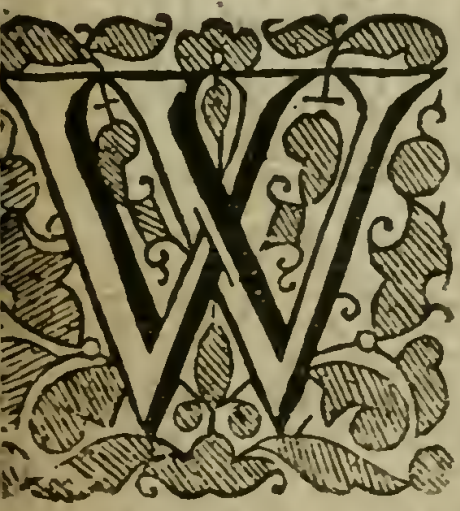
Loripedem rectus derideat, ÆTHIOPEM Albus.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. W.* and are to be sold at the Castle in Cornhill.

1651.

To the Reader.



Hen I looke Reader *on my preſent* Deſign, *I think it an Abſurditie like that of* Homer: *Whoſe* Battail *of* Frogs *and* Mice *had the very* ime Pen *with his* Iliads. Some ſuch Deſcent *I hold it*, *to* conteſt *with a* ophiſter, *after a* Poſitive deliverie *of* ligh Truths. *The* performance *indeed* contemptible, *becauſe my* Adverſary ſo: *for who admires* Domitian *for is* Butcherie *of* Flyes? *But I have onſider'd that in* great Undertakings

there are ſome Circumſtances *which* anſwer *not to the* Action *it* ſelf; *and if we look upon the* Inventions *of* Art, *there is a* Trap *for a Mouſe, as well as a* Grate for a Lion. *I have reſolv'd then to* fit *my* Diſcourſe to the Perſon, *like the* Satyr *to the* Vice: *for* mad men *have no* cure *but their* Correction. *If I am* bitter *in this* Diſpute, *it is more a* Pill *than a* Paſſion; *and when you know the* Diſeaſe, *you will commend the* Phyſic. *My* Adver-
ng. 41. 49. ſary *pretends to a* Deiforme, Univerſalized ſpirit, *he incounters me with* Supernaturall Revelations, *and I am come to the old Queſtion,* Is *Saul* alſo amongſt the Prophets? *The* Pattern *of his* Divinitie *was taken from* Munſter: *for I find him in the ſame* Equipage *with* Knipperdoling, *he* mounts *upon the* Shoulders *of* Men, *and then* breaths *out his* Metaphyſic Calentures. *This Reader, is not my* Jeſt *but his* Sobrietie: *I will give you his* own words, *for he ſpeaks like a* Pro-

phet

phet, *and the* Son *of a* Prophet.

Wherefore (*saith he*) with my Feet lightly ſtanding on the ſhoulders of all the Sects of the Earth, and with my head ſtooping down out of the Clouds, I will venture to try the World with this ſober Queſtion. Tell me, O all ye Nations, People, and Kindreds of the Earth, what is the reaſon that the world is ſuch a ſtage of miſerie to the ſons of men? Is it not from hence, that that which ſhould be their great guidance, their Religion, and higheſt light of their minds, is but heat and ſquabbling about ſubtil uncertaine points, and fooliſh affectation of high myſteries, while the uncontroverted ſober Truths of vertue and pietie are neglected, and the ſimplicitie of the life of God deſpiſed, as a moſt contemptible thing? *Pag.* 1

And I had no ſooner uttered theſe words in my mind, but me thought I heard an Anſwer from all the quarters

of the Earth, from East, West, North and South, like the noise of many waters, or the voice of Thunder, saying, Amen. Hallelujah. This is true.

You will tell me perhaps, this is but a Rattle *of* Seraphicall Tropes, *and a* mysterie *of* Metaphors. *Verily I thought so my self at first, but* Harry Moore *tels us in the very same page,* it is no vaine Enthusiasm, *and he proves it by the* Effects *it produc'd.* For my Head (*saith he*) was so filled with the Noise, that it felt to me as bound and straitned, as being not able to containe it, and coldnesse and trembling seised upon my Flesh. *You are gone Readers, you are gone: These are right Propheticall passions,* Ezekiel *and* Daniel *had not more formall* Ecstasies. *But in good earnest* Gentlemen, *what think you of this* Spirituall Ague, *this* Trembling *he was troubl'd withall? Indeed this* Age *affords a* Sect *so* qualified, *and I believe he is* one *of the* Shakers.

But

But this vizard *will off: The* Blaſ-
hemies *he* breaths, *tell us what* ſpirit
ath poſſeſt *him. He makes his abuſive*
andalous Verſe *as* laſting *as the* li-
ing word *of* God: *for having ſtu-*
lied a hobling lying Tetraſtich, *which*
e refers *to* Philalethes, *he cryes out to*
he men of Epheſus (*who they are, I*
now not) that they ſhould reare him
Trophey, *and* inſcribe *his* Tetra-
tich *therenpon. But it ſeems he was*
ealous of their Performance, *and there-*
ore fals to work with his men of Ephe-
ius *in theſe words.*

But that I may conceale nothing *Pag. 190.*
rom you, O men of Epheſus, I muſt
ell you that whether you reare up this
nonument, or whether you forbeare,
ll is one. For the truth of theſe ver-
es is already written in the Corner-
ſtones of the Univerſe, and engraven
on the laſting pillars of Eternitie.
Heaven and Earth may paſſe away,
but not one Tittle of this truth ſhall

passe away. *What horrible, intole-*
rable Blasphemie *is this? Our* Savi-
our *speaks not in this* Text *of the* dead
Letter, *which is but* Inke *and* Papyr
for without doubt that word *cannot out-*
last Heaven *and* Earth, *unlesse we fan-*
sie a Library *in the* new Jerusalem
and a Translation *of some* Geneva
Bibles *into those eternall* Archives.
He speaks here of the Substantiall spi-
rituall word, *which he mentions* else-
where *expresly*, Man lives not by Bread
alone, but by every word which pro-
ceeds out of the mouth of God. *It is*
a sad Impietie, *that this* Barbarous
Scribler *should drivell out foure rotten*
Verses, *and then tell us, they are* Coæ-
ternall *with the* word *of* God. *These*
passages Reader, *I have* cited, *to give*
thee an Expresse *of the* Man *and his*
qualities, *and now I refer it to thy*
Judgement, *if he* deserves *not a sharp*
Reproof. *It may be a* Corrosive *well*
applyed *may make him* sensible *of his*
Blasphemies,

laſphemies, *and force him to a juſt* everence *of* God *and* Nature. *But I ave done with him, and now* Reader *ſhall deſire thee to* favour *the* Errors *the* Preſſe: *I have* prefix'd *them l to the* Book, *and if thou art* one *of* oſe, *who would* underſtand *their* uthors, *be pleas'd to doe me the* Ju-ice, *and thy ſelf the* Service *to* correct *iem. I could wiſh the* Copies *were* erfect, *but the* Nativitie *of* Books *is ke that of* Children: *they* Liſp *both* firſt, *though their* Parents *ſpeak ever ſo* well. *This is the only* Fault *I now of, and I ſubmit it to thy* Pen, *e pleas'd to* pardon *it, and* fare-ell.

E. P.

To the most Excellent Philosopher *Eugenius Philalethes*,

Upon the *frenzies* of *Harry Moore*, [illegible]

HOw! Is the *Bedlam* out? and to be seen
Chain'd in the *Stanza's* of *Mun Spencers* Queen?
Moore amongst the *fairies*? Comes he now
With *Revelations* from the *Lunar bow*?
Faith! *Mab*, look to't: If you admit the *Mouse*,
Your *Court* had need turn a *Correction-house*;
'Tis a *distracted vermin*, and runs on
As if he would *depose* your *Oberon*,
Ingrosse the *Chrystall-Castle* to himself
And wear by *right* the style of *Sov'raign Elf*.

Poor

Poor *progresse* yours! An *Orchard* and a *Dairie*
Were the known *haunts* of the most *Errant fairie*,
But *Moore* Commands *three worlds*, Is *Brother* to
The *Sun* and *Moon*, hath the *Moguls* below
His *Tributaries*, and is held the *man*
Whose style out-goes the *Sons of Ottoman*.
He like those *Gyants* which in *Shinar* built
Can *scale* the skyes, and from the *Center* tilt
Himself into the *Clouds*, where he will lye
As *Ixion* did, a *Perdue* and a *Spye*;
So *quick* and *close* too, that in this *Repayr*
He (like the *devil!*) doth seeme *Prince of th' Ayr*.
Nor sets this *frolick* in a *Cloud*, for he
(To shew more *knacks* to *dull humanitie*)
Descends againe, and through those *Cloudie portals*
Steals (like the *night-mare*) to ride *weary mortals*;
He *Treads* their *Shou'ders*, *questions*, *answers* too,
And with the worlds *foure Quarters* hath *to doe*,
Both *East* and *West*, the fartheſt *North* and *South*
Make *ioint Replyes* to his *Allmighty mouth*;
With *Acclamations* (too) ne'r us'd to men,
As *Hallelujah*, *It is soe*, *Amen*!
And yet he's no *Enthusiast*, nor *ally'd*
To *Indepencie*, but *Scotified*,
For though he makes some *Iourneys* to the *skyes*,
Yet he was ne'r Caught up to *Paradise*,

is no *Saint* sure, but a *zealous Moore*
ose *Conscience* cals his *Mother-Church* a *whore*.
ugh in *good sadnesse* he hath *wondrous firks*,
l may well *pose* the *Scotch* and *English Kirks*.
y, *Knipperdoling*, search him o'r and o'r,
r fancied *grosser lyes*, nor vented *more*.
'hou *volant* Goose, *Cuz* to *Domingo's traine*,
letaphysick'd Ganza, whose lewd braine
t-lyes old *Lucian*, and like some *flown Gaffer*
l'st *tales* more *monstrous* than doth *Leo Afer*;
:st think the *world*, (when they these *whimzies* see)
ll ought admire but a *mad head* in thee?
that thy *Quill* shall make thee *Platonist*
:ause that *Star* thou fancyest is a *Mist*?
e, frontlesse *foole!* who for the *active day*
d *Inlarg'd Light* mistak'st the *Moons* dull Ray,
d like some *bird* of *night*, 'cause thine Eyes *faile*
:st adore *Shadows*, and at *Sun-beams* raile.
But aread, *Erra Pater* will submit
all the *Placets* of thy *Sodomit*?
: thou his *Hackney-Pathick*? wilt allow
ie *lusts* of his rank *wit*, and *body* too?
' must none understand what *Plato* did
t *Moore*, and *Aster* his *white Ganimed*?
ıst that *delicious spirit* be confin'd
: to his *Body*, so unto thy *Mind*?

Speak

Speak man, art *ſingular*? or art thou *mad*?
Muſt we, to make thee *good*, be all judg'd *bad*?
Muſt *white* and *red* for approbation ſue
Becauſe the *late-found world* is *black* and *blew*?
Prithee declare! let's have thy *reaſon* writ
That future *Readers* may owe thee their *wit*;
And ſay thou, like the *Saints*, that before thee
None ever into *Plato's* mind could ſee.
Had the *grave Reader* of the *Fairy Queen*
The *Squire* thy *Father* this thy *madneſſe* ſeen,
(Who, while his *Eve* did hold the *candle*, read
Spencers provocative, and ſo to *Bed*)
He would have *ſaid*, and *ſworn* it by *himſelf*
Thoſe *winter Lectures* had produc'd an *Elf*.
But th' haſt a *Cure* for all, ſince thou haſt drawn
Over thy *Negro's* looks a borrow'd *lawn*, (ſlee
Th' haſt *Cloath'd* the *ſcab'd ſheep* in the *Lambkins*
Making thy *Punie* patron to the *peece*;
Sure I commend ſhee, 'twas a *prudent care*
To truſt thy *Pupill* only with thy *ware*,
A Severe *Tutour* thou durſt not ordain
The *Cenſurer* of thy *groſſe*, *Mooriſh brain*,
For he (no doubt) had *whipt* thee for *abſurd*,
And on thy *Second laſh* beſtow'd a *third*.
And thou his *riming foole* whoſe *one halfe* lurks
In *Philo-Maſtix*, and *Pimps* to his works,

T

ou *Crutch* in *Meeter*, a meere *Knack* to begg,
e *good your worſhip*, on a *wooden* Leg,
l down thy *Clout*, the *Age* is grown too warie
be *catch'd* with, *Here's a good Ordinary.*
ut thou (admir'd *Eugenius*,) whoſe *great parts*
re above *Envy*, and the *Common Arts*,
ou *kin* to *Angels*, and *ſuperiour lights*,
parke of the *firſt fire*! whoſe *Eagle-flights*
de not with *Earth*, and *groſsnes*, but do'ſt paſſe
the *pure heav'ns*, and mak'ſt thy *God* thy *glaſſe*,
whom thou ſeeſt all *forms*, and ſo doeſt give
ſe *Rare diſcov'ries*, how *things* move and live,
ceed to make thy *great deſign* Complete,
l let not this *loath'd Moore* our *hopes* deſeate;
ake off the Eclypſe, this dark *Intruding veyle*
ich would *force* night upon us, and *Intayle*
e ſame *gorſſe Ignorance*, in whoſe *ſhades* he
:h *loſt* himſelfe, on *our poſteritie.*
vn all you *ſtale Impoſtures*! *Caſtles* rear'd
h' aire, and guarded by thy *rev'rend beard*,
t of *Nichomachus!* I will no more
v to thy *hoarie bindfull*, nor adore
y *Tyrant-text*; but by this *dawning light*
ich *ſtreams* upon me through thy *three-pil'd night*
ſe to the *Eaſt* of *truth*, 'till I may ſee
ns *firſt*, *faire ſtate*; when *ſage Simplititie*,

The

The *Dove* and *Serpent*, *Innocent* and *wise*
Dwell in his *breſt*, and he in *Paradiſe*.
There from the *tree of knowledge his beſt boughes*
I'le pluck a *garland* for *Eugenius* browes,
Which to ſucceeding times *fame* ſhall bequeath
With this moſt *juſt* Applauſe, *Great Vaughan's wit*

H. M. *Ox*

---

n the Authors Vindication and Replie to the *Blaſphemie*, and *Enthuſiaſticall Frenzie* of the Diſtracted *Alazonomaſtix*.

[Ail great *Eugenius*! look what force you had
To wind and *turn* your *Adverſary mad*.
ith! Ile *Petition* for him: will you be
t *mercifull*, and cure his *Lethargie*?
hath *forgot* his *Name*, and bids us call
m the *grand Signor*, *Emperour* of all.
fine King *Harry*! who with *frantic Blaſts*
th *God* and *Nature* in one Breath *o're-caſts*.
rius, *Sabellius*, All that ever *writ*
ome ſhort of *thee* for a *Blaſphemous Wit*.
y *breath* diſperſeth *Clouds* & the vaſt *Maine*
the ſame *breath* is *checkt*, and *ſtill'd* againe.
thou canſt *curb* the *Sea* in it's *proud Fome*,
hy did'ſt not *ſtop* the late *Invaſion* (*Others*
n *Yarmouth Roads*? and ſomething done for
f *Amſterdam*, and *ſave* thy *Holy Brothers*?
Madneſſe alone makes Thee a *wondrous Elf*,
y *Miracles* work not *beyond* thy *ſelf*.

Such

When rare *Eugenius* routed thy *first line*
He added to his *Truth*, and thy *black Crime*.
Basilico: *Italian powder* strong,
Which *drove* thee into *Furie* all along.
Thou taking thence the *Sent*, it quickly *bred*
A Nest of *Scorpions* in thy *putrid Head*.
Thy good *Philosopher*, and *Poet* rare,
Whose *learning* lies not in his *Head*, but *Ha*
Will *Cleveland's* fansies ever scan and rhyme
Bold *Beggar* he, to come the *Second time*!
Look to your *Ballads* both, review and scan
Your *Cantings*, your *gray Goose* is not a *Swa*
Indeed I never knew that *noise* of *words*
Us'd by us *mortals*, which thy *Book* affords,
Such lowd obstrep'rous *Cadences*, and *knock*.
As if thy *tongue* (like *Nilus*) ran on rocks.
Desist *fond thing*! now we have known thy *A*
All thou hast *acted*, is the *mad mans* part.
But what hast *got* by this? the *world* doth see
Eugenius learning, and thy *foolerie*.
The *weights* you put *upon* him, doe at best
Speak him but *Palm*, he cannot be *oppress*;
For against *vertue* there is no *Successe*,
You make him *more*, when you would ma
(him *les*

P.B. A.M. *Oxonien*

THE SECOND *WASH*.

IT is the advice of *Solomon*, and he is ſome-body in my *Library*, *Anſwer a foole according to his folly*, *leſt he ſeeme wiſe in his owne conceit*, It ay be the *Proverbs* are not in the *Ca-n* of *Granta*, it being her Intereſt to *lerate Fooles* in favour of her *chil-ren*. However I believe my Author rthodox, and on his Precept I build y liberty. He is a good Chriſtian at acts by the *Text*, and becauſe I

will not transgresse, thus I obey.

Bear back there you *sprats* of *Cha*
you *double faced frie*, *fish* and *flesh*
the Versity, *Mastix* and *Philom*
stix!

——*Coram quem quæritis*, *adsun*
Roome for your betters you *shrimp*
you *shoale* of *drie shells*! I am for th
Mastix, once more, and may the w
forgive me this *footing* of a *crac*
scull! But *Knipperdoling* is barric
do'd, there is a *Block* between us whi
I must kick out of my way. It is *J*
hannes Philomasticx, a new *John*
Leyden, and peer to brother *Knip.*
is that ingenious young man *J. T.*
is it not *Jack Taylor* the Water-Poe
Alas *poor John*! I should conder
thee to a thin Lent, but thy Ve
hath so much of *Famin*, it may r
passe for a *fast* from *witt*. Thou h
indeed very strange proprieties. *th*
canst sting with thy teeth: Go t
waies for *Jack Straw*, thou hast r

substar

bſtance enough for *Iack Block*, I am
pt over thee already.

And now my dirty *Marrano*, I can
ſcover a *ſcar-crow*, a ryming *Bug*
ght and *ycleped Moore*. He is, Rea-
r, a *meer ſhade*, a *Maſcara*, a thing ſo
moved from learning, he is ſcarce
taphor to a Scholar. He hath in-
ed a certain *Patavinitie*, ſome rude
lluſions like *Macaronics* to Latine,
t if we fit the Cenſure to his Diſ-
urſe, 'tis a compleat Body of *ſolæ-*
ms. To reply to his *Frolicks* as he
ls them, were to *bray* to an *Aſſe*,
e the Aldermen in *Cervantes*: it is
legree of Madneſſe to imitate one
it is ſo, and I love not a *Bedlam* ſo
ll, as to make one for company.
is my intention to juſtifie the *Truth*,
t my ſelfe, for the *Quarell* is not
rſonall, it is *Natures* Intereſt more
n *mine*. Where he pretends to
aſon, there will I manifeſt his *dir-*
ction: I will diſprove his *ſobrieties*

as so many *Remissions* of the *Fit*, an
these also proceed from my *correctio*
for he is chain'd in my *Principles*.
you take him in his owne *Libertie*, I
madds it all over, only this you sha
observe that he *Ebbs* and *Flowes*, co
tinues the same *Frenzie*, but in sev
rall Degrees.

The first thing I meet withall, is
Pistle to his *Pupill*, and this I scor
to looke upon. It is a Confedera
like that of *Juglers*, for he durst n
direct his Scriblings, but to one th
truckl'd under him. His next *Lamen*
tion is to the *Reader*, and here this I
vine universalized *Knip*, doth char
me with *unchristian bitternesse*.
this *whine* I shall answer with a *Tru*
that I was more *just* than *bitter*. T
language I bestowed on him in t
Reply, was apposit and like himsel
I did but hold the Glasse for hi
and now having seen his scurvie fa
he condemns his own *Physiognon*

T

'wo considerable Motives had I for
iat performance, *Provocation* and
eason. both which were wanting to
is first *Libel*. That I have been *pro-*
oked all the world knowes, and this
)o most *virulently*, and without a-
y offence given. That I had *Reason*
apparent, for I spake no more
ian what I knew, and the *Trueth* is in-
irious to no man. My pen applied not
) papyr, without a certain expresse
nowledge of my *Adversary*, and
iis under his owne hand, for
ich as I found him in his *own dis-*
ourse, such have I also *render'd* him
i *mine*. It will be objected perhaps
iat I have call'd him an *Owle*, a
louse, a *Moore*: Termes that consist
ot with the Zeale of some precise
ropt Professors. *By my truly* Gentle-
nen you are *scrupulous*, these are not
uch *Thorns*, but a very tender Con-
cience may rest on them without an
pricking. If it be a fault to call him

a *mouſe*, what a Tranſgreſſor is he that made himſelfe ſo? why did h *friske* about, and *nibble* at the Margir of my Booke? why did he *vomit* o my *innocent* and *ſnowie* Pages? or t ſpeake in my firſt *Alluſion* leave h μυοχόρον behind him, and then *run* ir to his *Hole*? I muſt confeſſe I had th uſe of this *Notion* from a *Chriſtian*, bu the Reaſon from a *Moore*, The glo rious and reverend *Spalato* is my Pre ſident, For, this learned *Father*, t waſh off the dirt of *Leonardus Mar us*, publiſhed a ſmart *Reply*, an with this appoſit Title *Sorex primus* It is the quality of that *Vermine* t gnaw the out-ſide of things, and th indeavours of this *Cambridge Scri ler* being but ſo many *margina ſcratches*, I could find nothing lik him but a *mouſe*. But there is a fau more in my *ſtock*, I have call'd hi a *Moore*, and how ſhall I *waſh* that *way*? I belive I need not tell you

his name, and if you take it in my
ense it is his *Nature*, for he is no-
hing *Candid*. As for the *Owle* I tell
im of, had he been hatcht under a
ten, he could have been no other
ird, for he hath much of the *Spe-*
ies in him: He avoids the Light so
erfectly, as if he had newly cast
is *feathers*, and were a *man* only by
etempsychosis. But to give you a
ore serious account of these *Termes*,
is the *practice* of Christ himselfe,
id that I hope is not unchristian, to
haracter *men* by those *things*, to
hich they *assimilate*. Thus hath he
ll'd *Herod* a *Fox*, and elsewhere he
iles *Judas* a *Devil!*; false *pastors* he
lls *Wolves*, the Buyers and Sellers
heeves, and those *Hebrew puritans*,
e *Pharisees*, *Hypocrites*. This Rule
id Justice of his Master, St. *Paul*
th well observed, and he *acts freely*
ereby. For when he reproves the
retians, he makes use of that ig-

nominious Proverb, *Evill beasts an*
slow bellies. When the *High-prie*
commanded the Jewes to *smite* hir
on the face, he replied to him, nc
without some bitterneſſe, *God sha*
smite thee thou White Wall. I cite nc
theſe places to juſtifie an *injurio*
spleene, but to argue the *liberty* of th
Trueth, for Chriſt and his Apoſt
did not attribute theſe Termes to th
just but to the *unjuſt*, neither did I re
prove my Adverſary till I found hi
ſuch as I deſcrib'd him. But he ha
abus'd a *man unknown*, and one th
never offended him in the leaſt ima
ginable circumſtance; this is the *true*
Reader, and no other. But this *Kni*
this diſtracted *mulatto* complaines b
cauſe I tell him of his *faults*, and a
ſumes to himſelfe a *Prerogative Roy*
to offend without *correction*. Yo
muſt know Sir, that if God (as yo
ſay) *hath conſtituted you Emperour*
the World, he hath made me a *Prin*

Electo

ector: You must receive your *Title* my *hands*, and purchase your *peace* th my *satisfaction*.

The next thing in this Pistle which lls for and deserves my answer, is *nalicious scandall* of his, that my esent Philosophie is *pernicious to the ature of Man, and Christianity it lfe*. I preethee *Mastix* wherein? cause I reject the Principles of the *reeke Satan*, that vain babling as . *Paul* stiles it, which is *after the Ru-ments of this World, and not of God?* ave I not publickly profest that *I n one that stands up for a true Natu-ll Philosophie, built as Nature it lfe is, on Christ Jesus, who is the oundation of all things Naturall, and pernaturall?* Is this a Doctrine at's *pernicious to Christianity*, thou *eliall* thou *false accuser of the Truth?* s for pretences to *supernaturall ight*, and *intoxicating Imaginations*, ey belong to thy owne *Block*, to that

See *An. Mag.*

that Head of thine, which was *bou*
See his Re- *up and ſtreitned with Thunder*, a
plie Pag: *the ſound of many waters.* Theſe p
199. 200. tences my friend, have made th
both Fanaticall and Impious: F
having *derided* my laudable *Deſig*
of reconciling *Divinity* and *Phi*
ſophie, and this by a Diſcovery
that *Union* or *Correlation* which is b
tween God and Nature, thou do
reſcue thy *ſpleene* with *Blaſphemy*, a
Page 16. thy Laſt is worſe than thy Firſt.
at the end is not *Harry Moore* that ſins
of his Pi- laughing at the *Trueth*, it is *god th*
ple. *laughs in him*, for he is a *Deifor*
Univerſalized man. Goe thy wai
Knip, thou art more *Raunter* th
Preciſian, though in my Opinion tho
maiſt paſſe for both. As for tho
Sattin Eares which thou doeſt n
weare, they are not worth the cro
ping, and therefore not worth t
anſwering: It is enough that tho
haſt *Leatherne Eares*, and ſuch

f

l within the *Compaſſe* of the *Pa-*
nt.

This is all that is *conſiderable* in
oſe *purpoſes* and *principles*, which
acquaints his *Reader* withall. *Dirt*
d *Dung* there is good *ſtore*, if I
ould deſcend to *perſonall Abuſes*,
t theſe being ſo many *flaws* and
acks of his *Scull*, when he was
under-ſtruck with *Amen* and *Hal-*
u-jah, I cannot think them *worthy*
my *Vindication*. The next *Pi-*
e is to *Eugenius Philalethes*, for
e have *three Portals* to this *Mouſe-*
le, and here he tels me that *in the*
ourt of Heaven, and according to
e Doctrine of Chriſt Jeſus, I am no
tter than a Murtherer. I have al-
ady *Maſtix* ſhewed you his *Do-*
rine in his *practice*, but if you *ſum-*
on me to your *own Bar*, I will ap-
eal from the *Jews* to *Cæſar*, and
uſt my ſelf to the *Tribunal* of my
aviour. If I have *murther'd* thee,

where

where is thy *Evidence?* Doth th
Carkaſſe bleed at the *Noſe?* or a
thou ſo much a *Moore*, that thy *Blo*
is *Black?* I muſt confeſſe there
Ink in thy *Book*, I meane that *Pa*
phlet, which in the *ſtyle* of *Cambria*
was *Printed by the Printers.* I t
thee O *Harry Moore*, I have not mu
ther'd *Thee*, but *Thine*: Thy *Ob*
liquities indeed I have layd the *Li*
to, and indeavour'd to make a *Cr*
ked Thing *ſtreight.* Now my frien
this is not *Murther*, but a *good wor*
It is *Mortification*, and thou art b
holding to me for it in *ſome Meaſu*

The reſt of thy *Letter Maſtix*,
a Thing *inſipidly abuſive*, a block
ſenſeleſſe *ſuppoſition*. Thou do
write to me as to *one* that is *aſle*
but look to it, the *Lion* is *guardan*
And now Sirrah *Qui va la?* ſtar
and take *Quarter* for *Life*: Th
art come within *Command*, and thou
thou art a *Poet* of her *Court*, t

Fay

rie-Queen ſhall not *ſave* thee.

Though I know it an *Action* infe-
r to my *ſelf*, to anſwer this ridi-
ous *ſcribler*, it being ſome *De-*
tion of *ſobrietie* to proſecute a
dlam, yet I will doe him this *Ho-*
r for the *Truths* ſake, for I look
t *whom* I *oppoſe*, but what I *defend*.
ie *Supernatural firks* and *Raptures*
his *Book* are evident *proofs* of his
iſtraction, and I doubt not but the
yes will *hoote* at him, when they are
ce acquainted with his *Tricks*. He
mad indeed in a *perfect meaſure*,
d wants nothing to his *Degree*, but
Ballad to *celebrate* his Commence-
ent. I have no way to ſave my *Cre-*
t, but to *cull* out his *Intermiſſions*,
d ſpeak to him *where* the *Fit* leaſt
oubles him. This is the *courſe* I
oppoſe to my *ſelf*, and *Readers* you
at *know me*, think not that I am
ad, becauſe I deale with one that
ſo: I doe it for his *Cure*, not for

Imitation.

Imitation. From the *first page* of
Book, which by his *Computation* is t
Third, to the very 57. he is in
medley of *Infirmities*: Sometimes
would excuse his *Incivilities* to n
with a faint *Extenuation* of his *fi*
spleen, but whiles he *blots* out the
Libel, he makes up, and scribles t
New. Sometimes hee *forgets* me
gaine, nor doth he only leave *n*
but *poor Man* in generall; He is *hoy*
above us with a suddain Metaphy
call *Pulley*, and rapt up to a wild
niversalization of *Spirit*. At th
Height I thought I had *lost* him, f
I never exepected his *Returne*: B
my *Stentor* opens unexpectedly, n
speaks he from *Earth*, Gentlemen
but from *Heaven*, and in a *style* li
that of *Ottoman*.

Behold! I leap down as from the T
of some white rockie Cloud, up
the grassie spot where my Philal
thes *stands*.

Th

Thou art welcome *Moore* to this
row Region, and truly thou ſpea-
t like a *Gyant*, a *Porter* of ſome
hanted Caſtle, that would rout a
ight Errant with *ſyllables*. I have
my part neither *Morglay* nor *A-*
del, but I'le make thee wiſh thy
in the *Clouds* againe, or that thou
lſt brought *Thunder* in thy hands
econd Thee. It will be ſaid per-
s that this is *deſperat*, but Reader
may ſpeak unto Thee (for hap-
thou wilt not heare me, now that
n in *danger*) we are like to have a
e Game of it. This *tall thing* is
ady ſhrunk to a *Mouſe*, and hee
t made ſuch a *ſpot* of the *Earth*,
l be *committed* to a *Trap*. Strange
erations indeed! but of ſuch *mi-*
les Gentlemen be *confident*. They
not altogether *impoſſible*, doe but
d on, and I will give you *Evi-*
ce.

Pag. 57. Line 2.

I *Say the force and warrant both Nouns and Verbs is from th use*, &c. *O yez!* Master *Buſt* of *t ton*, come to the *Bar*, and anſw Did you teach *Harry Moore* this *L ſon*, or hath the *Dunce* forgot w you *taught* him, and deſerves y *ſecond Laſh*? why *Harry*, the natu *force* or *ſignification* of words is t which renders them *fit* for *uſe*, a if we *uſe* them contrary to that *fo* we ſhall ſpeak *Bulls*, as thou haſt d in thy *Obſervations*. I will give t an Inſtance: Thou doeſt aske m I can *unbare* the ſubſtance of a *form* Thy meaning is, if I can make it *k* or *diſcover* it, but the *uſe* which t haſt made of this *Term*, being *c trary* to its naturall *Energie* or *ſig ſication*, hath made thee ſpeak *N ſenſe*: for to *unbare*, if there be

:h word beyond thy *ſcriblings*, is
cover, not to *diſcover*. It is plaine
:n that the *uſe* of *Nouns* and *Verbs*
bends on their *force*, and not their
ce on their *uſe*, and this is a *Truth*
clear, and *known* even to *Children*,
t none but a *Maſter* of *Arts* of
mbridge could be *ignorant* of it.
t you have another *Toole* to prove
no *Orator*. He that is an *Orator*
your opinion muſt *ſpeak*, but *Eu-*
ius Philalethes did only *write*.
nce it will follow that an *Oration*
o Oration, if it be *written*. It ſeems
n *Cicero's* Orations are *not Ora-*
is now, but they were ſo *ſome-*
es, when they were delivered at
Roſtra. Truly my friend, if the
ips of *Midas* were *ſtitch'd* to thy
ck, they would *thrive* as by *Tranſ-*
mutation: They would be much
re an *Aſſe's Eares*, than ever they
re *formerly*.

Pag. 57. Line 17.

THat's true Phil: *What Fre*
man but knows that? &
Here Maſter *Maſtix* y
tell me of the *firſt rudime*
of *Logic*, and that you muſt *rub*
my memory, but I ſhall *claw* yc
Coxcomb for it. *Accidentall* (ſay yc
is that which may be, or not be, in
Thing, and yet the Thing be. T
is true my *Marrano*: but had not
Owl I told thee of been *buſie* w
thy *eyes*, thou might'ſt have fou
in *Logic* Accidents *inſeparable*, wh
are *ſequels* of their *ſpecies*. Now
aske thee if there be any ſuch *Ac*
dents in the *Soule*, and if they
what they *are*? Doe not avoid
Propoſals thou *Sneak*, and tell r
thou wilt not anſwer them for my ſa
But I paſſe on to thy Second Abſ
dity. *Ariſtotle* ſay you, hath defi

: *Soule* from *Essentiall Faculties*, d therefore his *Definition* is *Essen-ll.* A jugling, halting *Consequence.* he *Question* is, τί ἐστιν, *Quid sit Ani-* ? I aske not what the Soule *doth*, t what the Soule *is*? But *Aristotle* ough he hath *propos'd* and *præscrib'd* : Question *Quid sit*, as the maine *ndamentall* of *Demonstrations*, an-ers not at all *to it* in his *Definition*: : he only tels me what *faculties* the ule *hath*, not what *substance* the ule *is*, and thus is he *short* of his n *Logic*. As for that *Heathen eek* cited by thee, it proves him *Asse*, and thy self *another*, for it is *ntrary* to the *principles* of his όδειξις. I seek not his Autoritie *istix*, but his Reason, and this last nay not expect from *thee*, for thou est call that Definition *Essentiall*, hich is meerly *Circumstantiall*. Thou : indeed a blank blind *Buzzard*, ou canst not distinguish between

the *Operations* and the *Essence* of th *Soule.*

Page 59. *Line* 21.

THe *parts of the world acco ding to the Peripatetics on Doctrine, are set in this o der, they are from an inwa principle of Motion,* &c. This *M stix* is thy *Concession*, and verily in *Generations* it is *true*, for the *Body figur'd* and all the *parts* therof broug to their *Order* and *Symmetrie*, by certaine *inward principle*, whi *works* in the *Matter*, and is the *Ca* of *Alteration* and *Motion*. To t *Truth* you adde a *Lie*, namely that should say, *that the parts of the wo doe not move themselves*. Wh have I sayd it *Mastix?* In what *Pa Line*, or *Language?* Nay what thy *sense*, when thou doest say *parts of the World doe not move the*

selve

ves? If thou doeſt mind the *paſ-*
e informed parts, I ſay they doe *not*
ve themſelves, for they are *moved*
their *Forme*: But if it bee thy
aning, that the *parts* of the *world*
not moved by an *inward principle*,
s is it which I *never affirmed*. But
fate is not *ſingle*, I have *Company*
ough: he makes bold with the *Pe-*
atetics as well as with *me*, and
kes them *ſpeak*, what he thinks;
ſee plainly (ſaith he) *that accor-*
g to the Ariſtoteleans, all to the
ry Concave of the Moon have an
vard principle of Motion. And is
ſo *Harry Moore?* what thinkſt
ou of the *Flux* and *Reflux*, for the
a is within the *Concave?* Doth this
ceed from an *inward principle*, or
t *jogg'd* by Miſtris *Moon* and her
in? Queſtionleſſe the *Peripatetics*
not of thy *Opinion*. But this
ult I muſt *forgive* him: he is grown
ry *courteous*, for he makes the *Ari-*

ſtoteleans ſubſcribe to my *Argumen* and blame me for not concluding *that they hold Infuſion of Life*. Com then you *Fathers* of the Sect, *Conim bricenſes* and *Complutenſes*, and a the *Schoolmen* that ever follow'd *A riſtotle*! Doe you maintaine the *A nimation* of the *world*? why no ſur not any one of them. O thou ſenſ leſſe inſipid *Marrano*! Hang a *S. chell* to thy *neck*, and goe to *Schoo* againe with the *bearded Novices* the *Antipodes*.

Page 65. *Line* 8.

NOw we are come to that ra *piece of Zoographie of thin* &c. It is well indeed th thou knoweſt to *what* th art come, but truſt me *Maſtix* it is easy matter to *come on*, the Queſti is, how thou wilt *come off*. Thy mai *Deſigne* in this Obſervation is to co

fu

my *similitudes*, and the first *A-logie* thou wouldst disprove, is that *Earth* and *Flesh*. To effect this, u doest forsake the *Earth*, where eed thou shouldst *dwell*, and fly to the *Moon*, *Mercury*, and *Venus*. It *mad-mans* trick, and such art *Thou*, leave *Certainties* for *uncertainties*, ell us of *Habitable Planets*, with a *uralitie* of *Worlds* and *Men*, and all s by *Divination* in a *Glasse*. These *Principles* inconsistent with *Scrip-e* and with the *Bloud* of *Christ us*, if we consider either the *Cause*, the *Extent* of his *Passion*. But cause thy *Madnesse* in this *place* præ-ids to *Argument* and *Reason*, I ll *honor* thee with a *Confutation*. l *the Planets* (sayst thou) *are as uch flesh as the Earth*; *that is*, *they dark and opace as well as she*. But ystix, doest thou make the *dark o-cous parts* of any *Planet* to be *earth*? lieve me my friend thou art *Lu-*

natic, but no *Factor* of the *world* i
the *Moon*, nor haſt thou *read* tho
tooting Scriblers, who did firſt *trav*
with thoſe *parts*. They tell us
their Books that the *dark parts* a
Water, and the Luminous *Earth*, f
this *Element* being *ſolid*, reflects t
Sun-beams, and is *guilded therewit*
but the *water* takes them in, witho
any *Repercuſſion* that is *ſenſible* to
and hence it looks like *ſpots*, or t
Man in the *Moon*, and he is a *Moore*
Complexion. Thy *Argument* the
if plac'd in that *order* which the *pa*
of theſe Planets *require*, will bee
kind of *Cæleſtiall new ſenſe*, and ſu
as they perhaps in the *Cæleſtiall n*
World. All the *Planets are as mu*
fleſh as the Earth, *becauſe they a*
dark and opace, *that is becauſe th*
are Water as well as the Earth. H
ha! he! what a ſlut is mother *Ca*
bridge? Doth ſhe take the *Sun* by
the *Beard*, and give her *Children* o

litt

le of his *Light?* Come *Knipper-ing*, I will make up thy Argument thee, and when I have done, I ll confute it. Thy mind is that there *Earth* in all the *Planets*, and this leed I doe freely *grant* thee. It is nown *Tenet* of the *Magi*, *Terram in Cælo, sed modo Cæleſti*, and a-ine *Cælum eſſe in Terrâ, ſed modo reſtri.* But the Thing to be pro-d *Maſtix* is this; that the *Earth* in *Heaven* in the very ſame *impure* mplexion, which it hath *here*: that is alſo *prædominant* there, in a *fæ-le groſſe Body*, ſuch as we find un-er our feet, for this is it, on which y *ſimilitude* is *grounded.* And leſt ſhould ſeem to maintaine this *Ana-gie*, with as *little reaſon* as thou oeſt *oppoſe* it, I will ſhew thee ſuch *Reſemblance* between *theſe two*, as annot be found between thy *Chalk* nd thy *Cheeſe.* Firſt of all then the *Earth* is the moſt *groſſe* and *corpulent*

part

part of the *world*, and so is *Flesh* a
of the *Body*. This *Element* withal
not *hard* like Stones and Metals,
it is of Complexion *soft*, and such A
stix is the *Flesh* of all particular A
mals. Secondly, the *Vapours* or E.
dations of the *great world* proc
from the *Earth*, as the *sweat* or *n*
sture of living *Creatures* proce
from their *flesh*, and *expires* at
pores thereof. Thirdly, the *Wate*
mixt with the *Earth*, and *r*
thorough it in secret subterrane
Chanels: so is the *Bloud* mixt with
flesh, and *glides* along in severall *v*
and *Rivulets*. Fourthly and lastly
vegetables as *Grasse* and the *like*, g
out of this *Element*, and have t
roots therein: so the *Haire* bot
Men and Beasts *grows* out of the *fl*
and receives his very *Nourishm*
from it. Thus stands my *simili*
firme and invincible: And now *H*
Moore dig thee a *Hole* in this *Ea*
wh

re thou mayst live like a *Mouse*, thou art not *fit* to *see* the *face* of *an*.

Page 67. Line 6.

WHy? for in it is the Pulse of the great world, &c. I am now *stix*, come to the *Second Element*, having first *immured* thee in the *th*, I will *drag* thee *out* againe, and *wn* thee in the *Water*. Thy first gument to prove the *flux* and *Re-* to be nō *pulse*, is fetch'd from the *n*, and this is it. There is *Water*, *Sea as thou sayst, in that Planet, this also must have a Pulse*. I take e at thy word *Harry*, and thus I ue against Thee. If there be a *Sea* he *Moon*, then its *flux* and *reflux* ceed from an *inward*, or from an *vard Principle?* If from an *in-d principle*, then our Sublunary must have an *inward principle* too,

too, and the *flux* it cannot proce
from the *Lunar influence*. Reason
it is this. It is *impossible* that
Moon being but *Earth* and *Wat*
should have any *Dominion* over *Ea*
and *Water*, for *inter pares non est*
testas : water cannot work upon
ter, nor earth upon earth, for t
are passive materiall principles,
the one actuats not the other. Fall
your prayers *Knip*, for you are re
to be *turn'd over*. But come ab
once more *Mastix*; If you say
the *flux* and *reflux* proceed from
outward principle, then it is from
Sun or from some other *Planet*
from the *Sun*, you grant my *pri*
ples, for according to your own C
cession it must be a perfect *Pulse*
from some other *Planet*, that sa
cannot *bee*; for in your opinion t
are all *dark* and *opacous*, so that t
must bee *Earth* and *Water*, and
consequence can have no *Domi*

r their *Equals*. Look thee now
1 *Deiforme Thing*, thou hast broke
neck from a very *high place*, from
Moon thou *Moon-calf*! In thy *se-*
l simplicity I find thee upon *Earth*;
in a *halting posture* like *Vulcan*
r his *Fall*. Here thou doest aske
if I know what I say, when I name
Monosyllable pulse? I doe *Sir-*
! and in *lieu* of it I will give thee
Dyssyllable *Repulse*. The *flux*
reflux sayst thou, cannot be the
e of the *great world*, for there is
hing in the world that answers to
Heart, and the Systole and Dia-
e thereof. Pusse take thee for a meer
use! how doest thou alwaies *nibble*
the *Margin* of things? I tell thee
Center answers to the *Heart*, and
ll the *Motions* thereof. This Cen-
Mastix, as one hath well observ'd, *Sendiv.*
ocus vacuus, for it hath *Ventricles*
the *Heart*. It is an *empty place*
ere *nothing* can *rest*, for the con-
tinuall

tinuall *heat* and *action* of the *spi*
(which the *Philosophers* call the *Ce*
trall Sun) expels the *moysture* to t
Circumference, and with a restle
Pulse keeps it in *Agitation*, lest t
parts might *restagnat*, and *putrif*
This my friend is very *naturall*, f
every *Agent* Lyes in the *Center*
his *Body*, and this is the reason th
all *Physicall motions* proceed frc
the *Center* to the *Circumference*, r
from the *Circumference* to the *Cent*
Such a *motion* is this *æstus* or *flux*
the *Sea*, for the *waters* are not *stir*
from the *Top* to the *Bottome*, b
from the *Bottome* to the *Top*, and th
is *plaine* by their *diffusion* to the *shor*
and their swelling *upwards*, above t
ordinary *water-marks*. But *Mast*
you are a *Mouse militant*, you ha
two Arguments more against t
Pulse, and you heave your *nose* abc
the *flouds*, lest you should *sink* a
drown. There is wanting (say yc

he *Flux* and *Reflux*, *Rarefaction*, *d universall Diffusion of the stroke once, both which are found in the se of a true Animal, but not in the i.* To this I answer, that by *Rare-tion* thou doest either understand absolute *Conversion* of some *parts* the *Bloud* into *Vapours*, or else a *vi-l subtileation*, by which the *bloud* hinder'd to *thicken* and *corrupt*, d this is nothing else but a *Commo-n* or *stirring* of the *parts*. That re is a *Commotion* of *parts* in the *i* is *evident*, for what else is the *ux* and *Reflux*? That there is also *arefaction* of some *parts* into *Va-rs*, is a Thing known to all the rld, and this not only in the *Ele-nt* of *Water*, but in the *Earth* which wers to the *flesh*: from the *Cen-l Sun* or *spirit*, doth not only *cause lux* and *Reflux* but with his *Heat* limes the *moysture* into *Clouds*, ich *transpire* at the *Pores* of the *Earth*.

Earth. And thus *Mastix*, the *spi*
hath a *double action*, answerable to t
performances of *Life* in *Animals*. Fi
of all he hath a *pulse* in the *Sea*, as
Soule hath in the *Bloud*. Secondly.
Heat converts some *parts* of the *W*
ter into *Vapours*, which expire at
Superficies of the *Earth*: and t
action answers to *that* of our *Anim*
heate, which expels the *superflu*
moysture at the *pores*; and this sub
evaporation we commonly call *sw*
ting. I have now Sirrah, confu
thy *Tool* of *Rarefaction*; the next
thy *universall Diffusion of the str*
at once. This I must confesse i
blind Expression, but elsewhere th
doest expound it: Thy meaning s
that *the Flux and Reflux is not in*
places at once. Thou art indeed u
Owl in *Cuerpo*, a Thing *unfledg'd*, a
not so much as *pin-featherd*.
thou not asham'd to shew thy *br*
Rump? Thou hast not so much

fig-le

-leafe to hide thy *Ignorance*, and *eformitie*. Every Motion *Maſtix*, nd *ſuch* is this *fluix*) hath *two* diſtinct ermes, *à Quo* and *ad Quem*. Every *edium* alſo thorough which a *Mo-n* is to be *made*, hath as the *Philo-hers* expreſſe it, *partes extra partes*. he *movent* then is neceſſitated to *ve* from *part* to *part*, that is to ſay *ceſſively*, for *motion* is a *ſucceſſive tion*. How is it *poſſible* then for *pulſe* to be in *all parts* or *places* at *e*, unleſſe thou doeſt dreame of an *iquitarie Metaphyſical motion*, which ot to be *found* in *nature*? Goe thy ys to Maſter *Buſt* of *Eaton*, and t only for a *Second Laſh*, but for a *ndred* and *fifty ſtripes*. Thus you Sir, what *pittifull objections* you ve made, but notwithſtanding on ſe very *Cracks* of your *Scull*, have *built* your *Victory* and *Triumph*. u tell me, I ſhall never make *ſenſe* he *Flux and reflux*, till *I am able*

to read Des Chartes, and then y
adde a *ſtory* of the *Hoſibus* and *Sho*
ſibus of Sir *Kenelm Digbie*. Ta
theſe *Latine Clouts* my friend a
weare them, for they looke like
Knights *Caſt Cloaths*. As for *D*
Chartes, he is a ridiculous *Scribl*
and I *underſtand* better Authors th
ever *Moore* or *Mounſieur* did *reade*
adviſe thee *Maſtix* to burne his *whi*
zies, they are *fanatic inſipid Theori*
and as that *Poet* ſaid of the *Annals*
Voluſius,

Pleni Ruris & Inficetiarum.

For a *Cloſe* to this *point*, and pa
ly for thy *Inſtruction*, I will give t
ſome *account* of that *Analogie* wh
is between *Bloud* and *Water*. F
of all then, as the *Sperm* of *man*,
all other *Animals*, is made of *Bl*
ſo the *Sperm* of the *great worl*
made of *Water*. Secondly as the *Bi*
is full of *Salt* to preſerve it from
trefaction, ſo is *every Water* alſo,

eſpeci

especially *that* of the *Sea*, and for the very same *end* and *Reason*: Thirdly as the *Bloud* is the very *seat* and *Deferent* of *spirits* in the *Microcosme*, so is the *Water* also in the *Macrocosme*: Fourthly as the *Bloud* hath a *Pulse* to *stir*, and *preserve* it, so hath the *Water* a *Flux* and *reflux* to *actuat*, and *keep* it from *stagnation*. Fifthly and Lastly, they are *both* of *them* of the *same Complexion inwardly*, for I have many times turn'd *water* to the *Complexion* of *Bloud*, and this without all *violence*, or *mixing* therewith any *other substance* whatsoever. There is *Mastix* between these *two* a miraculous incredible *Symbol*, but thou hast not *deserved* so well at my *hands*, that I should *tell* thee of *mysteries*: It is my *Designe* to *vindicat* my self, not to *teach* thee, and now I come to thy next *Cavillations*.

Page. 68. Line 17.

But now to put the Bloud, flesh, and bones together of your worla Animal, &c. Here *Mastix*, I propounded a *Question* to thee, which thou *durst* not *answer*, thou hast *avoyded* it like *wildfire*, and thou *appear'st* to me with long dejected *Flaps*,

——*Ut iniquæ mentis Asellus.*

Prick up thy *Ears* thou *man* of *might*! I know thee too well, to *expect* thy *Replie*: five *Lives* and *De. Chartes* cannot help thee away with this *Puzzle*. My *Question*, was *Whether Nature in her Composition did mix the Elements anaticè, so much of each, or did her scales admit of Imparities?* What saith *Harry Moor* to *this?* not one *syllable*, not a *breat.* comes from him, he is *Reader* a *silenc'd Philosopher*. Poor Quiverin *Mouse*! he saw the *Trap* was *lay.*

fo

or him, and *durſt* not *nibble* with he *Bayt*. What ſhall I doe now in his Condition? he cryes out he hath *onfuted* me, when in very *truth* he ıath not *anſwered* me. It is a *Maxime* f the Camp, *A Silver bridge for a lying Enemy*. But to this *Fugitive* ſhall not allow *Chams* wooden ridge, I will *chaſe* ~~him~~ in his own rack, and force the *Coward* to *face bout*. The firſt Thing he excepts t, is a *Quære* of mine, and this I ropos'd to *diſprove* his *Anaſarca*, or thus it runs. *If there be not Earth rough in the world, I deſired to know here it was wanting?* To this hee nſwers with an abſolute *Confeſſion* of is Ignorance: *Doe not think* (ſaith e) *to ſhuffle it off by demanding, If here be ſo little Earth in the world, tell thee where it is wanting? for I nly ſay, that if the world be an Ani- al, there will be much bloud and fleſh anting Philalethes, for ſo great a*

Beast. A rare *Theoreme*, and very *suitable* to the *Philosophie* of *Harr Moore.* If the world be an *Animal* he can *tell* that much flesh and blood *will be wanting*, but *where* it *will b wanting*, he *cannot tell.* Heare m then thou *Master of Arts*! If tho doest not know *where* this *Defect* is *how* canst thou *know* there is *any de fect* at all? But my friend I hav not yet done with you, I must *whi* you for your *Contradiction.* Yo tell me there will be *much Bloud* war ting to my *Animal*, and here you *kic* your own *Breech*: for elsewhe you would *confute* my *Animal*, be cause the *Element* of *water* which ar swers to *Bloud*, is so *excessive* in yo *Opinion*, that this *Creature* labou with an *Anasarca.* Why how no *Harry*! Doest thou make the *sam Thing*, at the *same Time*, and in *o* and the *same Body*, to be both *Exce sive* and *Defective*? Get thee go

tho

hou *Scribling Bedlam*, and learne for
ame to ſpeak *ſenſe*. The next Thing
e takes in hand, is an *Inſtance* of
ine, by which I would prove the
Diſproportion or *exceſſe* of the *fluid*
arts in relation to their *Earth*, and
his not only in the *great world*, but
n *particular Compoſitions*. To avoid
his infallible *experimentall Argu-*
ent, he tels me that the *parts of e-*
very Body are to be conſidered in the
ame Extenſion that they now actually
re, *not how they may be altered by*
Rarefaction. I am glad to find thee
oſitive in ſome *points*, and becauſe
wiſh thee *ſuch* ſtill, I will *grant* what
hou haſt *ſayd*, and *confute* thee by thy
own *Theorie*. The Body of any *A-*
nimall being conſidered in its own
naturall Extenſion, hath in that very
Extenſion an *imparitie* or *Diſpropor-*
ion of *parts*, for the *fluid watery ſub-*
ſtances are by much *more* than the
earthy and *ſolid*. This is plaine: for

the *life* cannot *operat* in *drie hard* Bo
dies,& *hence* it is that the *Bodies* of a
Animals are *soft* and *moyst* : for evei
vitall action is a *motion*, and *motio*
cannot be *perform'd* but in *fluid yee*
ding substances, and this is the *reas*
that in all *vitall Compositions* the
moysture, and *water* is *prædominan*
Now my friend I will hold thy *n*
to the *grind-stone*, and bring thee ba
againe to *Rarefaction*. I say the
that in the *separation* of the *part*
which is done by *Rarefaction*, the
can be no *parts separated*, but wh
were by *Nature* formerly *unite*
This is *evident* , and withall *nec*
sary, for *Nil dat quod in se non habe*
Every *Compound* consists of his *par*
and what he *consists* of, is *all* he *ha*
and what he *hath*, is *all* he can *giv*
so that I can *extract* nothing fro
him, but *what* he had *formerly* in *hi*
It is plaine then that the *parts* of eve
Body, whether we consider them

th

eir *separation*, or in their first *na-rall Composition*, are still the very *me* in *Number*, *Nature*, and *Propor-n*. To drive home my *Argument* en, I say that if the *water* into which e *rarified vapours* are condens'd, *xceed* the *Earth* of that *Body*, out of hich the *water* was *extracted*, and *is* also in *Animals*, it must needs llow that the *Moysture* of the *eat world* must also *exceed* the *ear-y parts* thereof, for otherwise it will *ll short* of a *vital Composition*. And w my friend here is no *Anasarca*, t a true *Animall Texture*, answe-ble to *that* which is *found* in par-ular *living Creatures*. But *Ma-x* is very *provident*, he hath a *Sal-* for this *sore*, and indeavours to *ut* me with a certaine *formidable re*, a Company of *Rags* and *Strag-s*, for I may not cal them *arguments*. heſe *subsequent things* are (as hee ls them) so many *beſides*, and the

first

first is a very *grosse Exception* agair
Rarefaction. The *proportion* (sai
he) *betwixt the vapour or thinn*
parts Extension to the remaini
ashes, is not yet so big as of the th
parts of the Word-Animal in respect
its solid parts by many thousand a
thousand Millions. This is grant
Mastix, but what is the *Consequen*
It is not only the *fluid parts* of t
great world that *exceed* the *fluid pa*
of *Individuals*, but the *Earth* of t
great world exceeds the *Earth* of a
particular Animal, by many *thousa*
and thousand millions. The *Disp*
portion then upon which thou woul
insist, is between the *parts* of so
Individuall, and the *parts* of this gr
animated System: But if the *Ea*
and *Water* of the great *World* be co
par'd amongst *themselves* they h
no *Irregularitie* at all, for there
neither *too little Earth*, nor *over m*
Water, but such a *proportion* of *b*

s *necessary* to a *vitall Constitution.*
here art thou now thou bungling,
ing *Cantabrigian?* Thy next *Ob-*
ion is a meer *Ape*, an *Imitation* of
t *Reason*, by which I have for-
rly *confuted* thee. If the *Earth*
st thou) *and Water were rarified*
Fire, and what is turned into Va-
r were added to the other fluid parts
the Word-Animal, it would in-
ase their over-proportion. This is
Rheume of thy addled loose
ine, and now having *emptied* thy
ldle, thou doest *stretch* thy *Moores*
k, and *crow*. *Thou hast answered*
yst thou) *most wretchedly and pit-*
ully every way, poor Anthroposo-
us! This is only said *Harry*, it is
t proved, but now we shall come
a *Triall*. This *Argument* Sirrah,
h made thee my *Beggar*, it is *Pe-*
io Principii, thou doest *suppose* that
ich was *never granted*, namely that
re is in the *World* an *over-propor-*

tion

tion of *fluid parts*. Sit down th
Mendicant Negro, and expect
next *Passenger*, for thou art not
to *get* any *thing* at my *hands*. As
thy *Addition* of *parts to parts*, it
no way prove a *destructive exce*
for those *parts* are already in *Nat*
but *destroy* her *not*, and the reason
it is this. *God* hath *made* the *w*
in *number*, *measure*, and *weight*, t
is to say in a perfect *vital harmo*
so that the *proportion* of the *fluid p*
to the *Earth*, be it *never* so *great*
not *irregular*, but *Necessary*. This
no supposed *fansie*, but a *known tru*
a thing *confirmed* every *Day* by
lasting Concord and *Complexion*
the *Elements*. And now thou *M*
sophus, and *Sopho-moro-mus*, th
hast argu'd *most wretchedly and*
tifully: Thou hast *proved nothing*,
what was never *denied*, even thy o
Mooriſh Ignorance and *Abſurdit*
I am now come to thy last *Objecti*

ol ſo *impertinent*, I ſhould won-
how it came in, but that thy *Book*
kind of *Babel*. *When any thing*
rnt (ſayſt thou) *as for example*
Tobacco, I ſay it takes up then no
roome than it did before: Becauſe
faction and Condenſation is made
nodum ſpongiæ, *as a Sponge is*
nded by the comming in, and con-
ed againe by the going out of the
r it had imbib'd. I ſee, and read
uſtix, what thou haſt written: *The*
ry parts of a Body being rariſied
eat into Vapours, take up then no
Room, than they did before. What
e *ſequell* to this wiſe *Antecedent*?
pute not what *Room* the *Vapours*
up, be it *more* or *leſſe*: my Deſign
to *prove*, that every *Compound*
in it more *moyſture* than *Earth*,
by *conſequence* it is no *Abſurdi-*
if the *great world* hath the *like*.
now my friend I will take thy
ge in hand, and *ſqueeſe* it to ſome
purpoſe.

purpose. I say then that *Rarefa-on* and *Condensation* are not made *modum Spongiæ*: for a *Sponge* w ther *distended* or *contracted*, still *tains* the *forme* of a *Sponge*, but *ter* rarified into *Vapours* hath no the *Complexion* of *Water*, and o contrary *Vapors* condens'd into *ter*, reteine no *more* the *Comple* of *Vapors*: for a *Sponge* is *distr* and *contracted* by sole *Impletion Evacuation*, that is to say witho ny *alteration* of its *parts*, but *W* is *rarified*, and *Vapor condensed* another *manner* of *action*, namel an *absolute alteration* of the *Bod* is plaine then that *both* these *A* are really *distinct*, and *differen* that to say, that *Rarefaction* and *densation* are made *per modum S giæ*, is *non-sense* in an *Univer* but *Philosophie* in *Cambridge*.

Sir have I return'd your *Sponge*, that *well squees'd*: goe now to

na mater, and *dip* it once in her *ula ſacra*, in thoſe *Cups* of *durty ter*, for ſhe gave thee nothing but *Puddle* of *Cham*. As for *thoſe ds of your Univerſities*, (for you ak in the *Plurall number*, as if you l *more* than *one*) I ſuppoſe thou t given them a very *juſt Character*. *ey are able* (ſayſt thou) *to demon- at penetration of Dimenſions at a r or two ſtanding at leaſt*. A rare *fection* by my Troth! Prithee *iſtix*, if *two years* be the *leaſt*, what *ze* is the *moſt* that theſe *witty Lads* quire to *demonſtrat* this point? *Ha*! ! *he*! But in this nature *Moore* is a tty *proficient* himſelf: He can de- onſtrat, *That a Body whoſe Baſis is at Center of the Earth, and his Top* (as cals it) *as far above the ſtarrie aven, as it is from thence to the rth, is but æquall in Dimenſions to Body that will lie in the Boll of a To- cco pipe*: and this he will prove,

taking

taking the Body in that vast actu Extension, without any Condensati used thereunto. How now *Reader* and *miserable Philosophasters*, whe are you now? By the same *Demo stration* he may *prove*, that a *point parallel* to a *line*, his *Mite* as *big* his *Cheese*, and the *Earth* which an *Atom* in his *opinion*, if *compar* with the *whole world*, as *big* as t *world* it *self*. Truly my friend suppose thou doest dreame of a ce taine *Infinitie* of *parts*, by which th wouldst prove the *Equality* of all *E dies*; But the Exposition of th Quirk I leave to thy own Demo stration, no doubt but thou wilt gi us a very *just occasion* to *laugh*.

Pag. 72. *Line* 8.

TWo things I here object to shew t Ineptnesse and incongruitie of t Comparison, &c. Your *two thing*

u call them Master *Moore*, we shall nsider, & return you as many *some-ngs* for your *nothings*. Your first *ckado*, is a thing borrow'd from the *ice* of *Respiration*, a certain *Bladder* uich you *shoot* for a *Bullet*, and thus u *wink* at the *mark*. *The office of spiration* (say you) *is to refresh the ood by way of Refrigerating, or Coo-g*. Well *Moro-sophus!* thou art own a strange mysterious *Fellow*, u art acquainted with *sober and full mysteries of nature*, but *Euge-s knows none of these*. Thou hast eed concluded me a very *Igno-ant*, but for all thy *manly face* as u doest style it in thy *Poems*, I will e thee by thy *tender Ears*. Did I tell thee that the *office* of the *aire* to *preserve* the two inferior *pas-Elements*, namely *Earth* and *er*, and this not only from exces-*cold*, but from excessive *heat*, for as commonly *stirr'd with Winds*,

and *charg'd* with *Clouds* to *allay* t
Influence of the *Fire-world.* Now
aske thee what *Agent* that is, whi
heats the *Bloud*, and induceth a *nec*
ſitie of *Refrigeration?* Is it not t
Fire-ſpirit of *Life?* It follows th
that *Reſpiration* cools, or *qualifi*
the *activity* and *heat* of that *ſpir*
leſt it might work too *violently* in
Bloud: for the *Bloud* of it *ſelf*, t
is to ſay *without* this *ſpirit*, is not
at all, as it is *manifeſt* in thoſe t
are *dead.* If the *aire* then (as I h
formerly replied) *retards*, or *al*
that *heat*, which is *inclos'd* in the
dy of the *Great world*, leſt it m
work too *violently* upon the *wa*
doth it not then *refreſh* the *water*,
ſo fully *anſwer* to the *office* of *Re*
ration? Get thee gone thou g
Goblin! Thou doeſt know thy
ſufficiently *confuted*, and thy *S*
lings came not out in *order* to
Reaſon, but for *ſatisfaction* to

Sp

Spleen. Thy next *Objection* is taken from the *situation* of the *Aire: The Aire* (sayst thou) *that an ordinary Animal breaths in, is externall, the Aire of this world-Animal internall.* To this I answer, that if the *breath* of an *ordinarie Animal* be *External*, how can it *cool* the *Bloud* which is *Internal?* It is plaine then that our *breath* is *Internal*, though by *expiration*, wee make it sometimes *External*, for the *designe* of *life* is the *preservation* of the *bloud*, and this can never be, unesse our *breath* be *internall*, for our *bloud* is not *without*, but *within* us. As for thy fooliſh *Crack*, that the *World should be troubl'd with the Chollick, because the aire is within it*; It is indeed a *position* that will produce such *consequences* as are *suitable* to thy *Philosophie*: First of all then thou doest make the *Colick*, which is a *distemper* in the *Guts*, to *proceed* from that *aire* or *breath*, which in all

creatures but thy ſelf expires at their *upper parts*, but it ſeems thy *breath* breeds the *Colick* in thy *Guts*, and goes out at thy *Poſteriors*, or *lower parts*. I conclude then thy *mouth* and thy *breech* have but *one* and the *ſame aire*, and truly in this *point* thy *learning* is anſwerable to thy *language*. Secondly, if the *aire* be the *cauſe* of the *Colick*, it will follow that *all men* muſt be troubl'd with this *Diſeaſe*, and that *alwaies*. Reaſon for it is this: there is no *Animal* whatſoever but hath *aire* alwaies *within him*, as well as the *great world*, and by conſequence he muſt be ſickly like the great world, and be *alwaies ſtitch'* with thy *Colick*. Away thou *Bungling thing*! I ſhould think thy *diſcourſe* was *begot* on the *Colick*, it is ſuch *emptie, windie ſtuffe*. Now *Muſtio* I have done with thy *two things*, and brought them into *one nothing*: the next Exception is againſt that trun

of mine, That *the aire is the outward refreshing spirit of the great world.* Here thou doest object that the *aire* cannot be the *outward spirit* of the *whole world*, because it is *outward* only in respect of the *Earth* and *Water*: and this thou doest call a *jugulating Objection*, thou *objecting Jugler*. To this I answer, that the *aire* doth not only *include* the *Earth* and *Water*, but the *seven Planets* also: for these *seven* move (if we believe the noble *Tycho*) *in aurâ Cælesti*, and this can be nothing else but *aire*. But to give a more generall solution, I say the *aire* is an *ambient free spirit*, for it is not *imprison'd* as other *spirits* are, but moves *freely* like the *breath* in *Animals*: my meaning is, it is not *incorporated* in any *one part* of the *world* whatsoever: it is not *tyed* to *Heaven* or *Earth*, for it is no *Component*, or *part* of *either*, and therefore *properly* an *outward spirit*,

even to *all* the *parts* of the *world*. And now my Friend take up your *bundle* of *ſimples*: you muſt *walk* with *them* on your *back* in *Cambridge* like the *Man* in the *Moon* with his *buſh* of *thorns*. Your next and laſt *objection* is againſt the *Earth*, for this *Element* (ſay you) cannot be *animated*, becauſe it is not a *breathing Animal*: *For what Reſpiration, what Attraction and Reddition of Aire is there in it?* Ha! ha! he! It ſeems the *world* cannot be *animated*, but it muſt have *lungs*, and the ſame *diſpoſition of Organs* with *Individuals*. Thou doſt *confine* the *wiſdome* of the *Almighty God* to the narrow *apprehenſion* of thy *blockhead*: as if he had but *one way* of *animation*, or *infuſion* of *life*. Doeſt thou not ſee, that ſome *particular creatures* (for example *worms*) have *life* in them, and yet have no *reſpiration*, or *attraction* and *reddition* of *aire*? It is enough that the *ſpi-*

ri-

it of the *great world* hath *motion*, which is answerable in *effect* to *respiration*: for it *refrigerats* the *moyst parts*, and *preserves* them from that *heat*, which without this *mediator* might *prevaile* over *them*, and grow too *violent*.

This is the *summe* of thy obstinat and malicious *follie*, and now thou doest *apply* thy self to a *trade*, which *becomes* thee far better than Philosophie: Thou art *turn'd* a kind of *Bellows-maker*, and indeed a *mysterious one*, for this *Engine* of *thine* bellows by an *inward vital principle*, without the *help* of *hands*. Thy *Bellows* is a *living creature*, for it hath *eyes*, *ears*, *lungs*, *and nose*: *and this is as plaine* (sayst thou) *as the nose on a man's face*. Heare me thou *Harry Moore*! Put thy *nose* in thy *breech*, there thou wilt find another *Bellows*, and *animated* by as *proper* a *respiration*.

Page 77. *Line* 9.

HERE *I object O* Eugeniu
&c. Here you object th
the Inter-ſtellar waters :
too exceſſive in proport
to be the fluid parts of a World-anim
Look back my friend, for your C
jection is already anſwered. In t
next place you ask me, why I *call*
Inter-ſtellar waters, *miraculous w*
ters? To this Queſtion you anſw
your ſelf: *I ſee the cauſe* (ſay yo
Boneſires and Torches burn in the
This leſſon you learnt of mee, a
therefore you goe about to conf
it. *That were a miracle indeed* (ſa
Moore) *but that it is a falſitie: fo*
give things falſe names. It is Si
proper name, for *fire* is a *princi*
predominant in the *ſtars*, and this
proved by their *heat*, and *comple*
on. Now *Logic* tels me, that *De*
mina

natio fit â potiori: ſo that this
e hath *burnt* you in the *hand*,
d now you may cry, *God ſave the*
rk.

Page 78. Line 14.

WHat is thy meaning here, little
Phil: *&c.* Here thou doeſt
ke me, If *the world hath ſenſe only*
the Stars? No *Maſtix:* not *only*
the *ſtars*, it hath *ſenſe* in all the
rts thereof, for it is *one animated*
ſtem: but the *ſtars* being the *bright*
luent parts of the *world*, the *ſpirit*
life is more *apparently active* there,
an any *where elſe*, as it is in *man* at
e *eyes*. But you proceed Doctor
llows, and you *blow* from all points
the compaſſe. You tell me the
irs muſt ſee, and heare, and taſte.
heſe my *friend*, are particular *actions*
ſenſe, and *require* their ſeverall
ualified *Organs*, ſuch as I never

affirmed

affirmed to be in the *great world*. T
ſenſe of the *univerſe* is indeed a *k*
of *feeling*, namely a *mutual con-ſen*
or a vitall influent *action* of the
perior parts upon the *inferior*, w
a ready *application* and *conformi*
of the *inferior* to the *ſuperior*: a
this *proceeds* from that *vital* inclo
fire, which is the *ſoule* of the *gr*
world: This is the *truth*, and no
other, and when thou doeſt br
any *arguments* againſt this *truth*
will not *avoid* them, as *thou* haſt *do*
I will confute thy *militant non-ſen*
and prove by invincible *reaſon*, t
the *Heavens* are not only *ſentie*
but withall *intelligent*.

Pag. 80. *Line* 22.

And thus have I taken all thy O
works Eugenius, *yea, and qu*
demoliſhed them, &c. Thou
miſtaken *Moore*, thou art in my *O*
wor

s, but thou haſt not *taken* them,
ier were thoſe *pieces* built for thy
ry. Thou art *Maſtix* a *Captive*,
uſe in a *trap*, and out thou ſhalt
r get. But I need not *acquaint*
with your *condition*, you *perceive*
ll enough, for once more you *fall*
our *Friſcks*, and *peep* between the
s, to look out ſome *hole* of *liber-*
The Sun (ſay you) *being the heart*
e world, it is expected, if the Flux
Reflux be a pulſe, that it ſhould
from the Sun, that is reputed the
t of the world; but it comes from
Moon. To the firſt part of your
ment, I ſay, that what Doctor
l affirms, is nothing to the pur-
, for he knew no more of nature
Doctor *Moore*, and that is juſt
ing. If you would prove the
to be the *heart* of the *world*, you
ld have done it by *reaſon*, not
citation: and when you attempt
, I will *demonſtrat* the *contrary*,
and

and that so *soundly*, thou shal
dare to *contradict* it, or if thou
thou shalt not be *able* to speak
As for the *tayle* of this *toole*, na
that the *Flux proceeds from the*
I say it is an *error*; but you tell
I have only said so, I have prove
thing. Come *Sirrah*! Thou ha
ther *read* my *replie*, or thou hat
read it: If thou hast *not read* it,
canst thou *judge* of it? If thou
read it, thou hast also *read* this
ment, which proves the *Flux* c
come from the *Moon*, and that a
ding to thy own principles. *You*
your Peripatetics (saith *Eugenii*
Moore) *doe allow all naturall bodi*
inward principle of motion: *Is n*
Sea then a naturall body? If so, it
an inward principle of motion,
needs not to be rockt by the Moon, n
is an outward one. This argu
Mastix, is built on your own *co*
sion, namely that all *naturall b*

an *inward principle* of *motion*,
you *repeat* in this your *second*
hough with some *limitation*,
ou speak only of those *bodies*,
h are *within* the *concave* of the
, and *such* my friend is the *Sea*.
Sir what think you, have I pro-
omething or *nothing*? The *truth*
u have *answered nothing*, you
not take *notice* of this *objection*,
hou hast done as *Cowards* doe,
the *lie*, and then *run away*. But
nius scorns to learn of a *Coward*,
I *observe* what thou hast *objected*,
hus I *returne* thee a *confutation*.
e is (sayst thou) *such an apparent*
exion between this Phænomenon
e Flux and Reflux, and so constant
the course of the Moon, that it is
unimaginable, but that there
d be the relation of cause and ef-
betwixt them. To confirme this
cite *Fromondus*, and then repeat
storie of *Sea* and *Moon*, with the
strange

ſtrange *connexion* of their *mo*
To this it is anſwered, that the
may *concurre* with the *Moon* in
of *time*, but not as an *effect* pro
by the *Moon*: for *many things*
at the ſame *inſtant*, and yet the
not the *cauſe* of the others *motio*
that this is but a *certaine parall*
a *mutuall Harmonie* of *motions*
a *dependencie* of *effects* and *ca*
This is enough to *confute* thee
I will not only propound a *tru*
will *juſtifie* what I have *propos'd*
that by ſolid, invincible *reaſon*.
of all then, every *motion* pro
by an externall *Sympatheticall*
(and *ſuch* you muſt ſuppoſe the
to be) is an *attraction*: but the
is no *attraction*, for when the
is in the *Eaſt* (as you inſtance
Flux moves not *to her*, but *from*
namely towards the *Poles*. I con
then, that the *Flux* is not *produc*
an externall *Sympatheticall a*

therefore not by the *Moon*. Se-
dly, if the *Moon* imparts *motion*
he *Sea-water*, it will infallibly fol-
, that *whereſoever* ſhee *finds it*,
e will ſhe *move it*: but this is
e, for if *water* be brought from
Sea to *Chriſts Colledge* in *Cam-*
dge, and there *expos'd* to the *Moon-*
ms, the *Moon* will not ſtir it, not-
hſtanding all the skill of *Harry*
oore. On the contrary if the
on had any *dominion* over the *Sea-*
ter, ſhe muſt needs *ſtir* it, where
finds it; for every *patient* that is
hin the *ſphære* of the *agent* muſt
ds *ſuffer* thereby: but *Sea-water*
ng *expos'd* to the *Moon-beams* is
hin the *ſphære* of the *Lunar activ-*
ie, for the *beams* fall *upon it*, and
re is an *application* of the *Moon* to
moyſture, but no *motion* or *Flux*
ll. I conclude then that the *Moon*
o *cauſe*, for ſhe *produceth* no *effect*.
ow if we returne to the *truth*, name-

ly

ly the *pulse* of the *great world*, we m
easily know, why some *portion* of t
Sea-water being *separated* from t
whole, is not *subject* to a *Flux*, as it n
formerly. We see that the *blood* as lo
as it is in the *veins* is *actuated* by t
pulse, but if any *part* be *let out*, that *p*.
is no more *actuated*, for it is beyo
the *sphære* of *activitie*, and the *pu*
comes not at it. It is just so w
the *Sea-water*, for as long as it is
the *Generall Chanell*, where the *pu*
of the *great world* beats, it is with
the *sphære* of the *centrall spirit*, b
being once *discontinued* from t
whole, it is separated from the *Regi*
of the *pulse*, and is no more *subject*
a *Flux*. On the contrary, if the *Mo*
were the *cause* of the *Flux*, no *p*.
of the *Sea-water* could be *separat*
from the *sphære* of *activitie*, for t
Moon shines *every where*, and by cc
sequence there would be a *Flux* eve
where: but this is *false*, wherefo
Moo

ores Theorie is *not true*. Thirdly
friend (for I have one *bone* more
thee) it is *impoſsible* that the *Flux*
uld *depend* on the *Moon*, and my
on for it is this. The *Sea* was
de on the *third day*, and the *Moon*
:he *fourth*, ſo that there was a *Flux*
ore there was a *Moon*. Now if *Gen.*
u ſayſt that this *motion* proceeds
n the *Moon*, thou doeſt put the
t before the *horſe*, thou doeſt
ke *effects Præexiſtent* to their *cau-*
This is all Sir, that you have
ken, and now *Harry Moore*,

Hoſtis habet Muros:

have really *ſurpriz'd* thy *Out-*
ks, and *fir'd* them withall: nor
l my *flames* reſt *here*, I will bring
n to the *heart* of *Troy*;

—Jam per Mœnia clarior ignis
'itur, propriuſque æſtus Incendia
volvunt.

ly *Maſtix*, fly, for thy building
s, and all the *water* in *Cham* ſhall

not *quench* it. It is time for thee
look a *new Syſtem*, for the *old*
fals to pieces: Here will be noth
left for thee, unleſſe thou canſt
like *Marius* in the *ruines* of thy C
thage. But what haſt thou done *Har*
haſt thou made me laugh in this *c*
buſtion? Thou doeſt adviſe m
read that Coxcomb *Des Cartes*,
thy own limping *Ballad*; thoſe *C*
las of thine, where thou doeſt ſing

Yſtruck with mighty rage.

Why this is as much to *natu*
Philoſophie, as if thou ſhouldeſt r
me to *Pentagruel* and *Gregorie-*
ſenſe. Ha! ha! he! But I doe
altogether ſlight thy *ſcriblings*, I
read thy ſubſequent *obſervations*,
truſt me I ſhall deale *ſoberly* with h
madneſſe. I will not mind your
greſſions, but where your *laſh* ſti
at my *principles*, I ſhall *returne* th
Rod to your *Breech*, correct
pretended reaſon, and pittie your

n

nifeſt diſtraction. I have Maſter *Moore*, a great *advantage* over you, *you* ſpeak what you *think*, and I ſpeak what I *know*: It is *fanſie* that leads *you*, but *experience* leads me, and here is ſuch a *difference* between *us*, as is between *dreams*, and *open eyes*. But come on; and where you find me any thing *bitter*, it is a kind of *Pill*, it is *Phyſic* for your *Frenſie*. Mad men have *ſevere cures*, and this I need not tell you of, you may ſhortly *learne* it in that *coercive Region*,

Ubi vivos Homines mortui incurſant Boves.

Prepare your *patience* Sir, and *unbuckle*: you are once more brought to *Schoole*, and now I begin to *call* you to *accompt*.

Obſervation. 1.

I am the Poet that did and doe, &c.

Poeta cùm primum animum ad ſcriben
dum appulit
Id ſibi negotî credidit ſolùm dari.

YOu thought *Harry*, when yo
ſcribl'd your *jolting Balla*
you ſhould never be forc'd
a *ſerious proſe*, and that the *title*
Poet was enough to *excuſe* your *R*
mance. This *deſigne* indeed mig
have thriv'd, had you not provok
Eugenius Philalethes. Your *verſe* n
friend is more a *Cart* then a *Chari*
and as *far* from *Plato*'s Philoſophi
as *Whiſtling*, and *Ho*! *gee*! But I *ſcor*
to follow thy *excurſions*, thoſe lo
Flights of thy *Gooſe-quill*: Thou d
eſt charge me in this *obſervation* wi
two miſtakes, and theſe are *they*. Fi
y

u ſay I have us'd *Reminiſcencie* as argument to prove the *Præexiſten-* *of the ſoule before her entrance in-* *the body*. Theſe are thy words d the Reader may know it, by that *raſe* of *Præexiſtencie before her en-* *nce*. But I am to deale with that *ſe*, which is aym'd at by thy *non-* *ſe*, and I ſay it is *falſe*. I mention'd *miniſcencie* to ſhew you what the *ctrine* of *Plato* was, whom you ſely pretend to underſtand, and as *Præexiſtencie* I have far *better ar-* *nents* to prove it, but that is *need-* for you *your ſelf* grant it. It is *task* to prove, the *ſoule* hath an *licit methodicall knowledge* before *entrance* to the *body*, and to this poſe *Reminiſcencie* is *ſomething*; you are *mad*, and ſpeak you w not what. I ſay then, and *po-* *vely* affirme, that the *ſoule* before *Immerſion* in the *matter*, is a *know-* *intelligent ſpirit*, and this *actually*,

and *explicitly*. This is my *Doctrin* and thus I prove it. If the *ſoule* b not an *intelligent ſubſtance* before h *intrance* to the *body*, then that *faci tie* by which *Ariſtotle* defines t *ſoule*, namely *intelligence*, is no *eſſe tiall facultie*, but a *thing acquir'd*, b *Moore* hath formerly granted it is *eſſentiall facultie Ergo*, &c. The *m jor* is *invincible*, for whatſoever *eſſentiall* to the *ſoule*, can never *ſeparated* from her without the *ſtruction* of her *Eſſence*, ſo that if *telligence* be a *facultie eſſentiall*, *ſoule* muſt needs be *intelligent*, aſw *before*, as *after* her *incorporati* Now for her explicit actuall *kn ledge* in the *ſtate* of *Præexiſtenci* will prove it thus *à fortiori*. If *ſoule* can *actually underſtand* in *body*, when ſhe is *oppreſt* and *obſcu* by the *Matter*, ſhe can doe it *m better* in her *ſtate* of *Præexiſten* when ſhe is a *pure ſpirit*, and *free* fr

matter, But ſhee can *actually derſtand* in the *body*, therefore *much re* when ſhe is *free* from the *body*. gaine, If the *ſoule* hath an *intelli-nt eſſentiall facultie*, in the ſtate of *æexiſtencie*, ſhe muſt alſo *actually derſtand* in the ſame *ſtate*, and the *uell* I demonſtrat thus. Either ſhe th *actually underſtand*, or her *fa-lties* are *ſuppreſt*, and *caſt aſleep*, t her *faculties* are not *ſuppreſt* and *ſt aſleep*, *Ergo*. The *diviſion immediat*, for *one* of *both* muſt eds *be*, and the *minor* I prove thus. the *ſoule* be *caſt aſleep* before her *rance* to the *body*, ſhe may bee o *caſt aſleep*, after her *ſeparan* from the *body*, for ſhe *returns* en to her *former State*, and here will llow an Hereticall *Pſychopannuchie*, hich *Moore* oppos'd in his *Poems*. gaine, If the *faculties* of the *ſoule* *ſuppreſt* in her *Præexiſtencie*, this

is done by the *matter*, or by *somethi*
else. If by *something else*, I desire
know *what* that *opium* is? and he
beloved you are to seek. If you s
by the *matter*, the *state* of the *so*
confutes you, for *as yet* she hath
thing to *doe* with the *matter*. It
clear then that shee *actually und*
stands, and now *Harry Moore*, wh
sayst thou? Truly *Harry* says ve
finely: I *am* (saith he) *a very w*
Philosopher, and he must rise betim
that goes about to impose upon my r
son. This my friend is nothing
the purpose: *Ignoramus* said as mu
before you, and you stole the *phr*
from him; *Debet surgere per temp*
is the *originall* to your *Translati*
The second *mistake*, which you wo
make me guiltie of, is your *own*,
mine. I *think* (say you) *that*
condemne my opinion of the Præ
stencie of the soule. Is this *thought*
Print, or in *Manuscript*? You co
dem

mn'd an *explicit knowledge*, and to
at only I replied. But in good ear-
ſt Maſter *Maſtix*, what is your
inion of this *Præexiſtencie? It is no*
atter (ſay you) *what your opinion is,*
it is yours. Truly Sir you ſay very
ell, it is *no matter* indeed: for
henſoever you *deny* the *Præexiſten-*
e, I will ſo *prove* it, that I ſhall
ake you *aſham'd* of your ſelf. But
ou are growne *Magiſteriall*, and
id would make a *Claſſic Moore*:
ou refer the *Readers* to your *Poems*.
erily my friend thy *Ballad* to Mi-
riſſe *Pſyche*, is no more to the *my-*
eries of the *ſoule*, than that of *Sa-*
uel to his loving Nancy.

Obſervation. 2.

HEre Philalethes *I charged thee*
with three abſurditics, &c.
ake back your *charge*, and look
ell to it, I have for my part com-
mitted

mitted no absurdities. The *fi*
thing you except at, is a *task* of *mi*
that I should spend a *whole spring*
find out this conclusion: *That thi*
that are produc'd in nature, are out
something in nature unlike the thi
produc'd. To prove this you m
use of my own words, which
these: *I took to task the fruits of*
spring, and then follows this lear
Comment. I say (saith *Harry Moo*
that one spring may signifie a wh
spring, and your making a task o
seens to determine the words to t
sense. O rare, Metaphysicall *n*
sense! Readers, I charge you to t
notice of it. The *fruits* indeed w
the *fruits* of *one spring*, but tha
took hem to *task* for *one whole spri*
is a sense no where to bee four
This is as much, as if I should
that *Harry Moore* did *read* the
story of *one age*, and therefore *sp*
one whole age in *reading* it. Get t
g

e thou ignorant ſtupid Scribler!
w durſt thou pretend to Philoſo-
e, when thou canſt not underſtand
mon Engliſh?

Thy next Charge *Harry* is ſo *falſe*,
ould think thee a *Committe-man*,
that thou haſt more to do with
llam than with the *Common-wealth*.
dmit (ſaiſt thou) *of two of Ariſtotles*
nciples, *Matter and Privation*.
old thee formerly that *Matter* was a
nciple of Nature, and in the *Booke*
Nature I found it, not in *Ariſtotle*.
ivation indeed is a *Creature* of the
ooles, a Greek Fable but no *Prin-*
le, for *principles* properly are ſub-
ntiall parts, or ingredients of the
ompound, and ſuch is not *Privation*,
it the *Moor* argues: *viola* (ſaith he)
ex non violâ, Generation is not *per-*
med without *Privation*, therefore
ivation is a Principle. Well done
ou faithfull *Peripatetick*! Now at
t I begin to underſtand thee: Priva-

tion

tion *conduceth* to *Generation*, and th
fore it must be a *Principle*. If
holds there are more *Principles* t
Three, and *Aristotle* is short of th
number. First of all the *Sun* conduc
to *Generation*; or according to *A*
stotle himselfe, *Sol et Homo gener*
Hominem. therefore the *Sun* is a *Pr*
ciple. Secondly the *Parents* do *c*
duce, and are necessary *Agents* in
Univocall Generations, therefore
Parents are *principles*. Thirdly
Generation can possibly be perform
without *Time*, and *Place*, no m
than without *privation*, and therefo
Time and *Place* are *Principles*.
now my friend, the Consequences
thy Nonsence; I must therfore t
thee that a *principle* is a *Constitut*
part of the *Bodie*, but *privation* is
structive, as we see in Men: For if
ver it takes place in the Body af
Generation, it is the *Destruction* th
of, and therfore no more a *princi*
th

Death it ſelfe. To be ſhort, *Priva-*
s a *Tranſitory accident*, for it re-
es not in the Body, after it is *ge-*
ed: and what is not in the Body
principle of the Body; Nay it is
r from the Nature of a *principle*,
if it were in the Body, it would
oy it. Now if thou wilt tell me,
Cauſa ſine quâ non; I ſay there are
ſuch Cauſes more, namely the
Time and *Place*; but a *Cauſe* ſo
fied is no *principle*. Thus have I
ited thy *ſecond Frenzie*, I am
com to thy *ſuparlative one* of the
d Degree.

ere Mr. *Maſtix* you fall on the
natter as if you were at Long-
n and Cuſtard: But *Sirrah* this is
iloſophicall diſh, keep to your
ing and pycruſt, with your *Cue*
and no *Salt*. Thou art *Moore* a
freſhman a ridiculous *cobling*
, and I have formerly advis'd
not to go beyond thy *Laſt*. The

firſt

first Matter I speak of, is the
matter of all things, and I have *see*
and felt it, ten thousand times, I
my friend I will come to thy *Ide*
thou dost barbarously and blindl
it, and this is it. The *first matter* (
thou) is *a substance out of which all*
poreall things are made, but it self
of nothing. This is your positive
sertion, and you taile it with a *Q*
whither *that Matter*, *which I*
have seen and handled, be such as
fit with this Idea? It is Sir, for th
dea fits with the Matter: It is
sperm which God in the beginir
his waies *created* of *nothing*, anc
of which he made *Heaven* and *E*
and all that are therein. But yo
grown Magicall *Harry*, you t
what the *first Matter* is, as if you
been tutor'd in the schoole of *Na*
Our *first Matter* (say you) *is a*
prepared and qualified by Art, a
reduc'd by Chymistry to such a ter

it is fit to receive any Forme whatever.

Come thou *Mountebank-Monkie!* ou *Squirt* of *Revealed Nonsence!* th this Instruction proceed from *Universality* of *spirit*, or dost thou ume to speake of things thou dost understand? I tell thee the *first tter* is the *Sperm* of two Universal Natures *Heaven* and *Earth*, neican it be made by the hands of n: For as Man is *generated* out of a *rm*, and again yeelds a *sperm* of his , which is the very same in *Na*with that whereof he was *genera*So the *great World* was made of a *m*, which God created of nothing, now that very world is *resolv'd digested* into a *sperm* by its proper oſed Heate, and this *sperm* is the same with that *Originall one* reof the world was made. This *Matter* or *sperm* do I find, where *ure* ejects it; But I prepare it not, that

that is the power of God, and not
Man. Away then thou impudent,
norant *Scribler*! thou *Asse* in *Tr*
scendencies, but not so well *inspir'd*
that of *Balaam*. And here Sir I m
tell you, that having set up your Cl
you spend a whole Page at *Rove*
and let flie your *Goose-quill* at y
own Vanity, Thou dost tell me of *fi*
beates, and *putting the Body into p*
petuall motion, with a *kind of Ana*
and Genesis, and all this to confute
Artificiall sperm or *first Matt*
Whom dost thou oppose in this t
Coxcomb? *Eugenius*, or *thy sel*
Thou art such an *obstinate malic*
Foole, thou dost condemn an Art t
dost no way understand. But I p
on to thy last Argument, which is
teriall, for it is *true*. *If there wer*
ny such matter (sayst thou) *as I m*
so fit for all Forms, *and yet fitted*
none, *it could not be kept from b*
match'd with one Form or other. T

t ſpoken *ſenſe* my friend, and a
eth which *experience* confirmes e-
y day. The *firſt matter* is no ſoo-
born, but it is *actuated* by the *fire*
Nature, and *transform'd* without
, into *Animals*, *Vegetalbles*, and
ieralls. This I have been a fre-
nt *Obſervator* of, and therefore I
e *ſpeake* it; but for thy *further ſatiſ-*
tion, I referre thee to my *Magia A-*
nica. As for that *fanſie* of thine,
t the *firſt matter ſhould appeare be-*
me in all ſhapes, it is ſuch *Meta-*
ſics, none but *thy ſelfe* could ſpeak
For if the *Matter muſt appeare*
re me in all ſhapes, I muſt have the
er to *introduce all Forms*, and that
impoſſible, for *Man* is not *Dator*
rmarum. It is *enough* for me that
ture her ſelfe produceth a *Threefold*
mily out of this *Matter*, and that I
it not by *Artificiall*, but by *Natu-*
l experience every day. Again my
nd, all *ſhapes* that *ariſe* from the

first matter appeare not in all plac
for example not in *England*, and th
fore I cannot *see* them. This h
been obsev'd by *Virgil*, the *best*
the *wisest* of Poets;

——*Non omnis fert omnia Tellus*

There is not any *one Climate* that
duceth all *species*, but some *one*, s
another; and the same *Poet*, thoug
generall termes, gives a *Reason* fo

Continuò has Leges æternaq; fo
ra certis
Imposuit Natura Locis ——

As for that *Question* of thine, Whe
the first matter was alter'd before
eyes to Doggs, Lions, and Ladies
have sufficiently *refuted it* already
Because I would discover thy *i*
rance, I will speake somthing m
Thou dost *mistake* the *sperme* of
great world in *generall*, for *partic*
specified spermes; the *Creatures*
dost speak of, are not propagate
quivocally, that is to say from an

Ve

l *ſperm*, but their *Generations*
ivocall, for they are *borne* of a
ular ſeed, which is derived *imme-*
from the bodies of their *Pa-*
. True it is, God made them *o-*
lly of the *univerſall ſperm*, but
ards they had their *ſperme* in
elves, ſealed with a *particular* I-
o that it was *determinated* and
riated to their *ſpecies*. On the
ry the *ſperm* of the *great world*
verſall and *determinated* to no
at all, till *Nature* hath firſt diſ-
it to ſome *animall form*, and
Animalls are not ſuch as are
ced by *univocall Generations*.
is enough, and now I muſt tell
f two abſurdities of thine; Firſt,
rt ſo *meer* a *ſchool-boy*, thou haſt
ken *homunculus* for *Cercopithe-*
or thou doſt allow him a *taile*, as
acelſus his *Pigmie* were a *Mooriſh*
mot. Thou haſt indeed *two*
e Creatures, and I muſt inſert

them here for posteritie, thy *anim*
bellowes, and thy *man-monkie*.
second fault is, that thou shoulde
so *inconsiderate*, as to propose a
stion which returnes to thy owne
grace. The World sufficiently k
thy *Condition*, and how *ridiculous* h
hast made *thy selfe*, by thy *niblin*
gnawing of my margins; Yet h
doest aske me, *If ever I made* p
with the first matter in the figure o
Mouse, and plaid with the Must h
of it? Truly, *my friend*, I mu
swer thee, and I tell thee fr
sly, I never *took* any *mouse* b
Mustachoes but the *Man-mouse*.

Observation 4.

Do you mention no life her
genius? but then Georgi
netus does for you, &c. I tell th
Mastix, that *Georgius Venetus* re
ons no life for me, nor is ther
las

on he ſhould, for I did not cite
to that end, but to prove that
it was not Created, but Manifeſted
Communicated to the Creatures,
what is this to Life? But I have
done with thee thou Moore, thou
Renegado! In this Obſervation I
not only charge you with Blaſphe-
gainſt the ſecond Perſon, in that
make him to be a Common Life:
I charg'd you with Hereſie, and
oſolute Deniall of the Third Per-
for in this your Note you make
Holy Ghoſt to be nothing elſe but
turall warmth. What have you
er'd Sir to this? not one Syllable:
perſiſt in your damnable Opinion,
deſire not to excuſe your ſelfe
he world.

Obſervation

Observation 5.

VVHy it seems then you h
mind to write Poet
Prose, &c. It is thy story *Mastix*,
Bust of Eaton was like to whip thee
Poeticall Prose: Indeed thy *Tayle*
justly quarrell with thy *Head*; f
thy *Correction* were answerable to
Nonsense, thy *Crupper* would b
perpetuall *Persecutions*. But in
earnest wherefore doest thou say,
a mind to write poeticall prose? w
because I cited thy *verse*: Indeed
Ballad is such *stuffe* as thou *spe*
of, neither perfect *verse*, nor p
Prose, but a *lame uneven Hotch*
a *Speach* without *Style*, and a C
without *Cadence*. But roome fo
Poet! he enters with his *Stanza* i
mouth, and a *Bull* to beare it co
ny. *Let us* (saith he) bring it *all*
intire into view.

last Extreme the fardest off from Light
's Natures deadly shadow, Hell's cell,
rrid Cave, and womb of dreaded night!
ther of Witchcraft, and accursed spell,
hnothing can availe 'gainst Israel,
Magick can him hurt, &c.

n this your *observation* Sir, you
demned me for calling the *first*
ter an *horrible empty darkneſse*, and
ed your *verſe* to diſprove your *lie*
:he *ſame mouth* that *ſpoke it*. I did
tall *Maſtix* annex a *Prediction*, and
ieſe very words. *You will tell me*
aps you mind not the Matter, but
:hing elſe, you know not what. I
now ſee how *true* this *prediction* is,
verily it is all *Oracle*, for thou haſt
:ten *thou knoweſt not what*. *I can-*
(ſaiſt thou) *expreſſe what I meane*
er than I have already in that Stan-
Come then my friend, thy *Stan-*
s *legible* though it be not *intelligi-*
, and now Mrs. *Stanza* what ſay
? you ſay there is a *quarrell* be-

tween *Israel* and *Hyle*, or the *first n*
ter, but Mrs. *Hyle*

Can nothing avayle 'gainst Isr.
I preethee *Moore*, how came *these*
to fall out? is *Hyle* one of the *Pl*
stines, or hath she a *sowes face*,
the *fabulous bewitch'd Madam*?
forsooth, she is *none* of the *former*,
at an humble distance she *relates* to
l ter: she is Reader,
Mother of witchcraft, and accursed
Sure then she lives in *Lancashire*
Lapland, and verily it seemes in
last Region, for it is *farthest of*
Light. Ha! Ha! He! I beseech
Gentlemen, take notice that the
matter is a *Witch*, for it may be
hath bewitch'd *Harry Moor*, and
charm'd his *sense* that he can
nothing but *Non-sence*.

But enough of *accursed spell*.
Moores *extreme*, which is *far*
Light, because *far from Truth*. Let
now com to the *Son* of *Nichomachus*

r this *Balladmonger* having *nothing* speak *himself*, makes another speak r him. I told thee *Mastix* that *Aistotle's* description of the *first mat-r* convey'd a *just nothing* to the *unerstanding*, for he describes it *Nec Quid, nec Quale, nec Quantum*. To isprove this *Speech* of mine concering *Aristotle* and his *Materia prima*, hou doest cite a *Text* where he decribes *Materia secunda*, which his *followers* call *Materia signata*. But let is *apply* to the *Text* it selfe. λέγω γὰρ γὰρ &c. *Dico enim* (saith he) *materiam, quod rei cujusque subjectum est primum, è quo insito, non ex accidenti aliquid oritur, et in quod, si quidpiam interit, ultimum abeat*. Here he speaks not of a meer *Potentiality*, and such is his *Materia prima*, but he speakes of a subject *actually* existent, as being a *part* of the *thing generated*: ἐξ ὑπαρχόντος, *è quo insito aliquid oritur*. Again he himselfe tells us in his *first booke* of

Physics

Physics, Chap. 7. that his *Mater prima, ortus est expers, et expers int ritus*: but the *matter* here *describ'd* is n so, as it appeares by the *subseqne words* of the *Text*, which you have pu: posely *avoyded*; διὰ τί ἐφθαρμένη ἔσται, πρὶν φθαρῆναι *Quare erit interempta, antequam i tereat*. Get thee gon thou *ignora scribler*, for thou doest not unde stand the *Peripatetics*. They have *twofold matter*: One that is *reall*, an *qualified* with their *prævia dispositi nes*, and this *Aristotle* defines in th *precedent Text*; Another that is *vai* and *phantastick*, for it is not in Na ture ἁπλῶς, neither is it τὸ κατά τι. But ho now *Harry*! doest thou undertake t correct *Greek*, when thou doest nc understand *English*? I will *correct* the and *whip* thee for an *Asse*. *My* τὸ κατά τι *(* saiest thou *) is a Monster, and hat one* τι too much. Readers I requel your *Attention*, be pleas'd to observ this *Passage*, for my words are these

Aristot

ristotles matter (which is nothing to e matter) is not in Nature ἁπλῶς, *either is it* τι κατὰ τι. This appositapparent Sense he hath transform'd to bsolute Nonsense, and that by a riiculous alteration of his own. *Thou ilt not say* (saith he) *that this matter is in Nature neither* ἁπλῶς, *nor* τι κατὰ τι, *as thou barbarously speakest*. Thou loest indeed *speak barbarously*, and as told thee elsewhere, it is *very natuall* to thee; but are these my words hou *Barbarian?* I told thee *Aristotles natter* was not in *Nature* ἁπλῶς, neither vas *it*, namely the *matter it selfe* τι κατὰ ι, or *Ens secundum Quid*. Where is now *thy* τι *too much*, thou senseles illiterate *Blockhead?* But because thou doest pretend to *Greek* and the *Correction* of it, I tell thee it is *Aristotles* Greek, not *mine*, for they are his *owne words*, as he is cited, not by his profest enemy *Magicus*, but by his loving friend *Magirus*: *Non autem* Materia *per se sola subsistit*

subsistit neque τὸ κατά τι *est*. This is h language *lib.* 1. *Physicorum Cap.* 7. there be any *Truth* in his *Proselytes*.

Thy next *Argument* in this *Observation* (for I value not thy *personal Scandalls*, it being my designe to *answer nought*, but what *opposeth* m *Principles*) is against that *Darknesse* which I hold to be the *first matter* *Was that darknesse* (saist thou) *ab æterno, or not?* I will answer thee *Mastix* in plain *positive English*: It wa *not from Eternity*. As for the *Divin Light*, had the *darknesse* been *ab æterno*, it could not have *shind* in it *ab Eterno*, for it was repugnant to the *Divine Will*: the *Light* being not *manifested*, till He *pronouuc'd* his *sit Lux* which was his first *Motion* to *Creation*. And now *my friend*, I shall request you to publish *those things* i your next *Pamphlet*, which I have pu *so ilfavourdly together*, that they *imply a blindnesse in the Holy Ghost*. I

th

ıe interim remember your *Sinn* a-
ainſt that *Holy Spirit*, and repent if
ıere be any place left for Repentance:
'ou have Mr. *Moore* moſt *impiouſly*
ıd *audacionſly* affirmed, *That the Ho-*
Ghoſt was not able to ſee.

Obſervation 6.

YES, I ſpake of them, and moved a very materiall queſtion, &c. In our *firſt Obſervations Maſlix*, you id much queſtion, *whether there were ny ſuch Things as the Rationes Semi-ales, or no?* But being ſince *con-inc'd*, you alter your *Quære*, and ask ıe what Doctor *Marcy*'s Experiment ı a *Glaſs* can do, *for the confirming or ie confuting the Rationes Seminales?* 'his is your own lubberly language, ıd your *laſt part* I will anſwer to *rſt*. His *Experiment* indeed can no ay *confute* the *Rationes Siminales*, ecauſe it *confirmes* them, for that

which

which *confirmes*, in my opinion n
way *confutes*. This is plain *Harry*, an
I have made it so in order to thy *ap*
prehension, which is very *Dull*. Th
first scruple ariseth from *this last*
namely how this *Experiment can con*
firme the Rationes Seminales? Trul
Mastix thou art an Invincible *Block*
for *Reason* affords no *wedges* that ca
enter thee. Hadst thou *perus'd* and *un*
derstood my *Book*, thou hadst not bee
to seek in this *thing*. But for all th
Coxcomb is *hard* and stupid, *Philo* th
Few hath a *Beetle* shall *knock* it int
Sense. Plants *(saith he)* have i
them *spermaticall Principles*, in whic
ἀόλοι λόγοι, or the *Rationes seminales* a
made *manifest* and *visible* in their *st*
ted Times. Now I desire to kno
of thee *wherein* this *Manifestation*
the ἄυλοι ἢ ἀφανεῖς λόγοι consists? for
they be manifested by the *outward f*
gure or *shape* of the *individuall*, whic
is *true*: then this *inward figure* and *a*

pearan

rance, or to ſpeake properly, this *preſſe* of the *Idea* in the *looſe fluid nciples*, muſt needs *be* a moſt excel-t invincible *confirmation* of the λόγοι. ius Sir, have you your *Queſtion* an-ered, and now I proceed to your xt *Notable*.

Obſervation 7.

O then Anthropoſophus, this is the Story, &c. My *words* Reader, at ich he *carps*, are theſe. *But you are e admoniſhed, there is a twofold I-, Divine and Naturall.* This di-nction I made uſe of, becauſe ſome *rned Authors* have call'd the *fiery ated Spirit* an *Idea*, though in a per *ſtrict ſenſe* it be *none*. The *ry* then runs thus: This *Diſtinction* is od in the *ſenſe* of thoſe *Authors*, and that reſpect only have I *us'd* it, for s very neceſſary if we would rightly *derſtand them*. and not *confound* the

Ideal

Ideal Veſtiment, with the true *Ide*
ſelfe. What ſaiſt thou now *Ha*
Moor? canſt thou *burſt thy halter w*
laughing? Bleſſe thy ſelfe from a *M*
lancholy fit, I am afraid thou wilt
hang'd in it.

Having thus ſnarl'd and cavi
Maſſix, in the next place thou d
cite *Philo Iudæus* to *confirme* t
which thou doeſt indeavour to *conf*
I alwaies took thee for my *Adverſ*
but it ſeems thou art my *ſecond*.
ſome *third thing*, that is both *fri*
and foe. Deſiſt I prithee from t
kind Offices, I am ſufficiently *perſw*
of the *Truth*, without thy *Aſſiſta*
But *News* Gentlemen, *News*! A thi
dea, which is neither the *true Idea*,
the *veſtiment* thereof, and yet it
be *truly call'd an Idea*. I prithee
ry what *ſubſtance* is this *Idea?*
member to *anſwer* me in thy *nex*
the *interim* we will heare what
Rabbi Philo ſaith. *Plants* (ſaith

ve in them σπερματικὰς ἰδέας, or *ſeminall ſtances, in which the hidden and iſible forms of all Things are ma- ſted, and become viſible by Cir- volutions of ſeaſons.* I tell thee ſtix, theſe *inviſible Forms* or λόγοι, the very *ſame Eſſences* which he cals ἰδέας, thoſe very *inviſible plants*, ch *Moſes* tels us *God* had *created*, ore ever they *grew out of the und.* Now my friend, me thinks e thee like *one* of the *Monocoli*, ping on a *ſingle leg*, for I have ta- away thy *Crutch*, and *broke* thy with it. But ſhall I tell thee where- thou haſt *cited* this *place?* It is auſe *Philo Judæus* is *Philo-maſtix*, *Jew* ſpeaks *like* the *Chriſtian*, he here ſpoken a *Bull*, and that is *Reaſon* of thy *Citation.* In *Plants* th he) *and their ſeminall Subſtan- are manifeſted* οἱ λόγοι τῶν ὅλων, *the forms ll Things.* Ha! ha! he! what the *ms* of *all Things* manifeſted in

plants? It seems then the *Forms* [illegible] *Men, Beasts,* and *Birds* are *manifes* in *Herbs,* in those *Jewish* and *Moo* *Pandects* of *Vegetables.*

Observation. 12.

HEre I told you, that you [illegible] *compassing all with the E* *pyreall Substance, you* [illegible] *left no Roome for Ever* *and Morning upon the Mass of* *Earth,* &c. Roome enough *my fri* had you but read my Book; but will confute what you *can,* and [illegible] what you *cannot.* Whose *words* *these* Master *Mastix?* are they *m* or *yours? But the splendor of the n* *expelling the Darknesse downwards* *became more settl'd and compact* *wards the Center, and made a Horr* *thick Night.* I know where thou Doctor *Bellows.* Thou wouldst h

Ess

fects to *precede* their *Causes*: Thou eſt look for *Regular*, *Common Dayes* d *Nights*, before the *frame* of the *rld* was *perfected*. Get thee gon thou *ribler*, and tell me if this be *Reaſon* *Inſpiration*. But I have ſaid, that *Empyreall ſubſtance made the firſt y without a Sun*. It is very *true*, for re was no *Sun* then; and it made *firſt Day* becauſe it imparted the ſt *naturall Light*, which *properly* d in a *Phyſicall Senſe* is the only *Day*; t this *firſt* day did not hinder the *ſt Night*, for the *Darkneſſe* and *ſard* of the *Chaos* remained ſtill *ow*.

This is all thou canſt ſpeak againſt *y firſt Day*; but to *Quench* its full *ſtre* and *Shine*, thou doeſt interpoſe *Clouds*, thoſe *fanatic Meteors*, and porous *Sublimations* of thy *Braine*. owards the *End* of my *Twelfth Obvation* I did ſufficiently *prove*, that y hanging *Bottles* or *Clouds*, could

not possibly *consist* with the *Text*
Moses, and my *Arguments* against th
were *these*. First of all, The *Firm*
ment, whose *office* it was to *divide*
waters from the *waters*, was *made*
the *Second Day*; but there were
Clouds then; therefore the *Divi*
Waters must signifie *something e*
Secondly, *Harry Moore* himself
insist on the *Letter* of the *Text*;
the *Letter* mentions not the *Divi*
of *Clouds*, but expresly the Divi
of *waters* from *waters*; *Ergo*,
What *Reply* hast thou made to th
Objections, thou *Deiforme Unive*
lized Thing? Seriously my frie
thy *Mouth* is *muzzl'd*, there is a *Cr*
in thy *Tongue*, and thou hast n
basely, and *cowardly* avoyded
charge. But thou art a *kind* of *S*
diour, a certaine *offensive Lanspri*
thou doest fall on my *Rere* like *S*
on *Gustavus Adolphus*, and my
Argument, is the *first* thou doest

hand. In this *Objection* I told thee, at the *waters* mention'd by *Moses* re *above* the *Firmament*, that is to *above* the *Aire*; but the *Clouds* *in* the *Aire*, not *above* it, *Ergo*, &c. hat sayst thou to this *Harry*? Truly *rry* answers very *wisely*, but he is as from the *wisdome* of *Solomon*, as is from the *meekneſſe* of *Moſes*. indeavours Reader, to prove *two* *ngs*, and *both theſe* in oppoſition to *Argument*. Firſt, *That Scripture* *ks according to the outward Ap-* *rance of Things to Senſe and vul-* *Conceit of men*. Secondly, *That* *wing this Rule, we ſhall find the* *tent of the world to be bounded* *higher than the Clouds, or there-* *uts*.

As to the *Firſt*, it is granted, That *Scripture* in many places ſpeaks προσδῶς, but in *this place* not *ſo*, as ſhall *prove* hereafter. As to the *nd*, the *Scripture* no where af-

firmes, that the *Extent of the wor*
is terminated in the Clouds. These a
my *Assertions*; and lest I seem to *a*
sert without *reason*, I will now brin
in my *proofs.* For the *first positio*
namely that the *Scripture* doth n
speak in this *place*, in the *vulgar sens*
we shall appeale to the place it *sel*
and if we credit *Moses*, this is
Text. *And God said, Let there be*
Firmament in the middest of the w
ters, and let it divide the waters fr
the waters. And God made the Firm
ment, and divided the waters whi
were under the Firmament from t
waters which were above the Firm
ment, and it was so. Here we see t
the *inferior* and *superior waters* w
præexistent to the *Firmament*, as it
clear from the *posture* of it: *Let th*
be a Firmament in the midst of
waters. Now the *Firmament*, as I h
formerly urg'd, was made on the
cond Day, and there were no *Clo*

th

n, that the *aire* might be *plac'd* be-
een *them* and the *inferior waters*:
that the *ſuperior waters* cannot be
ne-water, and this *Moſes* himſelf
s us expreſly: *For the Lord God*
d not caus'd it to raine on the earth,
d there was not a Man to till the
ound: *But* (ſaith he on the ſixth
ay) *there went up a miſt from the*
th, and watered the whole face of
ground. Thus we ſee that the firſt
ſt, and raine was upon the ſixth
y, but none at all upon the ſecond,
en the Firmament was plac'd in
midſt of the waters. It is plaine
n that the *Moſaicall ſuperior waters*
my *Inter-ſtellar miraculous wa-*
s, and not the *clouds* of *Harry*
more. This *expoſition* is confirmed
Uriel the *Angell*, where he pro-
unds theſe *Queſtions* to *Eſdras*. *Goe*
way: weigh me the weight of the fire,
meaſure me the blaſt of the wind, or
me again the day that is paſt. Theſe

Quæres the *Angell* makes *nothing* o
as being *grounded* upon *ordinary* ar
known Objects. *I have asked th*
(ſaith he) *but of fire, and wind, and*
the day, whereby thou haſt paſſed, a
from which thou canſt not be ſepar
ted. In this Text *Maſtix*, I obſer
that *Uriel* makes your *wings* of t
wind, or your *clouds* but comm
obvious things, but the *ſuperior w*
ters he makes to be *unknown*, a
more *remote ſubſtances*. If *I ſhou*
aske the (ſaith he) *how deep dwellin*
are in the midſt of the Sea, or h
great ſprings are in the beginning
the depth, or how great ſprings are
the ſtretching out of the Heaven,
which are the borders of Paradiſ
Peradventure thou wouldſt ſay unto n
I never went down to the deep, nor
to the Hell, neither did I ever climb
to Heaven. Here we ſee it is a m
difficult matter to know thoſe *ſprin*
which are in the *ſtretching out* of t

Heav

ven, than to know the *wind*, and
r *tumultuous motions*, which are
hard by us in the *middle Region*.
But this *truth* cannot only be pro-
by *Authority*, I will also establish
reason. The *office* of the *Firma-*
t, for which God made it, was
ide both *waters*, and the *Firma-*
t was no sooner *made*, but the
ers were *divided*: for saith the
ipture, *And God made the Firma-*
t, *and divided the waters which*
e under the Firmament, *from the*
ers which were above the Firma-
t, *and it was so*: That is to say,
waters *remain'd divided*. Now the
ds doe not *remaine divided*, nei-
doth *nature* intend any such *di-*
on, but indeed an absolute *union*:
she *draws* those *waters up*, of pur-
e to *powre* them *down* againe, for
igation and *Fertilitie* of these *low-*
arts. On the contrary the *waters*
ntion'd by *Moses* were *divided* by

the

the *Firmament* on the *second day*, n
this *diviſion* ſtill continues, for h
ſuperior waters are not *vaniſhing* v
mentarie vapours, but an *Inte*
Conſtitutive part of the *world*.

I have now *Maſtix* confuted h
firſt non-ſenſe, thy *ſecond* is, *To*
that the Extent of the world is t
bounded (as thou doeſt barbaro
expreſſe it) *no higher than to the clo*
The *conſequence* of this *bounding*
ſineſſe is, that the *upper waters* ca
nothing elſe but the *clouds*, bec
by this accompt the *clouds* will pr
the *upper parts* of the world. O *H*
ry Moore, what a miſerable *Soph*
art thou! Theſe *clouds* have mad
meer *Nebulo* of thee, they have o
tally *ecclips'd* thy *intellectuals*. T
my friend, thou art all *Balderd*
and I muſt have thee *cork'd* up in t
hanging Bottles of thine for *Tiff*
may be thy *Mother* will take thee
to *fill* her *Pocula Sacra*. The *Scrip*

(ſ

ſt thou) in ſome expreſſions doth
ly with the *vulgar erroneons* con-
of men, and delivers things not
hey are, but as they *ſeeme* to *be*.
m this *weakneſſe* of *Man*, and the
olyance of *Scriptures* therewith,
ſt thou *argue* againſt the *things*
nſelves: Becauſe the *Text* ſpeaks
ings *ſeeme* to *bee*, therefore they
be no otherwiſe. Doeſt thou not
nt the *common conceits* of *men* to
Erroneous? If ſo, the complying
ipture-phraſe is *Erroneous* too, and
hy *argument* is *no argument*. But
ood earneſt, what *man* ever *did*, or
fanſie the *clouds* to be the *higheſt*
ts of the *world*? Certainly the *ſtars*
h their *blue Heavens* (as thou doſt
e them) and (if he be not *blind*)
own *eyes* will tell him the *contrary*.
ng me but *one man*, that is of this
nion, and I will *ſubſcribe* to all the
-ſenſe thou haſt ſpoken. Thou art
eed *Maſtix* an impudent fellow,

thou

thou doeſt yoke *Moſes* with *Pli*
and make the profound *Jews* t
Peers, and *Companions*. The w
(ſayſt thou) *is extended no higher i*
the aire, according to Scripture, a
is apparent. What *Scripture* is th
thou *Scribler*? Is there nothing n
tion'd in the *Scriptures* that is *hi*
than the *clouds*? what is become te
of the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*? P
my friend! the *interſtellar waters* a
clearly *ſignified there*, and that by h
Pen of *Moſes*. *Then went up* M
and Aaron, Nadab *and* Abihu,
ſeventy of the Elders of Iſrael:
they ſaw the God of Iſrael, *and u*
his feet was as it were a work of Sa
ſtone, and as it were the body of H
ven, when it is clear. This *bod*
Heaven is the *interſtellar ſubſtan*
which is *water*, and this is that *w*
above the *Firmament*, which
divided from the *waters* which
under the *Firmament*. But let u

Exod. Cap. 24. ver. 9, 10.

via

t this *Moore* can say in order to
non-sense, namely that the *clouds*
the highest parts of the world. He
ves it reader by the *Text*, and
e are the *Scriptures* he musters.
layeth the beams of his Chambers
he waters; and therefore the *wa-*
are the *house top*, the very *pinna-*
, becauſe the *beams are layd in*
n. Ha! ha! he! But there is
ething more behind: *He maketh*
clouds his Chariot, and walketh
the wings of the wind. He rideth
n the Heavens, his way is in the
rlwind, and the clouds are the dust
is feet. He rideth upon the Hea-
s by his name Jah, *he rideth upon*
Heaven of Heavens of old. His
ellency is over Israel, *and his strength*
the clouds. I protest *Harry*, here
ot *one word* concerning the *height*
he *clouds*, but if thou canst *take*
height of them by these *Scriptures*,
u mayst aswell *prove* the *Text* to

be

be a *Facobs-ſtaffe*. But oh me! I ſee the *myſterie* of it: Here is an *ference*, a *Logicall Deduction* of *Ha* The *clouds* are the *higheſt parts* o *world*, becauſe *God* is ſaid to *be* in *Clouds*. Ha! ha! he! I prithee *ſtix*, in what *ſenſe* is *God* ſaid to *b* the *Clonds*? Doeſt thou thinke *Clouds* are his *Heaven*, and his *a ling place*? O thou ſtupified, Blo *Marrano*! His *power* indeed is *n feſted* there by certaine *naturall eff* and in this *ſenſe* he is not only i *Clouds*, but in every *naturall t* As for the *Heavens* wherein dwels, the *Hebrews* call them ▭ *Cælos illos admirabiles*, *famige illos nunquam viſos*, *nec mort oculis videndos*. But in thy large *po-logicall ſenſe* God dwels in *thing*, and in the *Sea* here *belon* well as in the *Clouds* above it. *that goe down* (ſaith the *Pſalmi* *the Sea in ſhips, and are buſied in*

wer

ers, They see the works of the Lord, l his wonders in the deep. Thus *vid*: and with him *Habakkuk* the *phet*, who makes *God* to *walk* in *Sea. God* (saith he) *came from* man, *and the holy one from mount* ran; *His glory covered the Hea-s, and the Earth was full of his ise. His brightnesse was as the ht, he had light comming out of his ds, and there was the hiding of his er. Hee stood, and measured the th: he beheld, and drove asunder nations; the everlasting moun-s were scatter'd, the ancient Hils bow, his wayes are everlasting. Was Lord angry with the Rivers? or thine anger against the Floud? or thy wrath against the Sea, that u didst ride upon thine Horses, thy riots of salvation? Thou didst walk he Sea with thine Horses, upon the p of great waters.* Shall I now con-le *Mastix*, that the *Sea* is the

highest

Higheſt part of the *World*, becaſe God is ſaid to *be* in the *Seat*. Fie upon thee, thou *ſcribler*! Go and expound *Des Chartes* to thy *Pupills*, but apply not thy *clutches* to the *ſcriptures*.

Thy ſecond Argument *Maſtix* is taken from theſe *ſubſequent verſes* of the Pſalmiſt. *Thy mercy O Lord is in the Heavens, and thy faithfulneſs reacheth unto the Cloudes*. And elſewhere, *Thy mercy is great unto the Heavens, and thy Trueth unto the Cloudes*. And again, *Thy mercy is great above the Heavens, and thy truth reacheth above the Cloudes*. Theſe are the places cited *Harry*, and now what is thy *Inference*? That the *Heavens* are of one and the ſame height with the *Cloudes*. Ha! Ha! He! Doth the *Text* tell thee ſo thou *Moore*! Quite onles the quite contrary: for what is above the *Heavens*, muſt needs be above the *Cloudes*. But if thou could thinke either the *viſible Heavens*

Cloudes to be the *dwelling* place of
d, thou art miſtaken, for he *dwells*
ve them *both*, as the ſame Pſal-
t tells thee. *Who is like unto the*
d our God, who hath his dwelling on
h? who abaſeth himſelfe to behold
ngs in Heaven and in the Earth.
is is plaine my friend; and needs
my *Expoſition*.

Thy Third and laſt Objection is
n the *cloudy Heaven*, wherin the
lmiſt placeth the *Sun*; for if the
be in the *cloudy Heaven*, it is ther-
: ſaiſt thou; in the *Cloudes*, and
conſequence the *Cloudes* are the *up-*
parts of the *world*. This is falſe,
the *Sun it ſelfe* is not the higheſt
t of the *world*, and therefore not any
e wherin the *Sun* is. Secondly the
dy Heaven ſignifies not the *cloudes*
nſelves; but *Heaven* is ſo called
auſe it is *overcaſt* with the *Cloudes*.
for the word שחק which ſignifies
minuere, it is indeed very *appoſite*,

for it relates to the *Action* of H
ven, whose *heate rarifies* the *water*
Cloudes, and in this *sense* is *He*
stiled בשחק *ab effectu*; becaus
calls up the *Cloudes* by *rarefactio*
commination of the *water*, and so o
casts it selfe. But heare me my i
ry, what is all this to thy *Glossa not*
lis, That the Psalmist doth *plac*
Sun in the *Cloudes*? verely not
at all: I must een forgive the,
hast mistaken the *Sun* for one o
Parelii. Having thus alleged,
falsely interpreted the Script
Thou dost at last returne to thy
Naturall Non-sense. *Moses* (
thou) *call'd the Sun and Moon the*
great Lights, making nothing
were of the Starrs; but one Star
first magnitude is about nine hu
thousand times bigger than the M
which notwithstanding according
Letter of Moses is one of the two
lights. What is the Consequence

to this preamble? forsooth a ve-
phical one; The *Sun* and *Moone*
placed by *Harry Moore* in the
ues, and now (saith he) *it will not*
re harsh to make the Starrs stoop
le too. Truly my friend this is ve-
rsh: we have the *Sun*, *Moon* and
rs all of them placed in the *Clouds*,
hypothesis that agrees with no vul-
r onceit whatsoever, but much lesse
t the *Text* of *Moses*. Surely the
ay is at hand,

——*Ossibus Astra*
Mixturus—— The *starrs* are
pitated towards the *Earth*, and
in the *cloudes* like a *dogg* in a
et. O rare and wholsome Phi-
hie! well! since it must needs
, let us know to what *purpose* they
ere *pla'd*. *The appearances of the*
s at this distance (saith *Harry*
ore) *will sufficiently set out their*
rtions to our sight, and the Sun
Moon (*according to this Hypothe-*

ſis) will proove the two great Lig
and the Starrs but ſcatterd skie-pe
Marke Reader, and if thou doeſt
laugh, I will never forgive thee.
Moone and a *ſtar* of the *firſt magn*
being plac'd at the *ſame diſtance*
our *ſight*, namely in the *Cloudes*;
ſtar of the *firſt magnitude*, whi
nine hundred thouſand times bi
than the *Moone*, will appeare to
bigger than a *peble*, but the *Mo*
ſelfe will proove a *great Light*.
ha! he! This is not *ſublim'd*, but
cipitated Aſtronomicall Non-ſenſ
come thou prodigious Foole! I
have one *paſs* more with thee. In
booke of *Moſes* doeſt thou *read*
he *makes nothing as it were of the*
His words in *Geneſis*, which is the
place where he mentions the *cr*
of the *ſtarrs*, are theſe. *And God*
two great Lights, the greater
to rule the day, and the leſſer Li
rule the night: He made the

. Here he calls the *Sun* and
one the *two great Lights*, which is
enough, for the *Sun* is the *Foun-*
of Light, and is more *luminous*
any of the *fixed Stars*, or *planets*.
doth not say the *sun* is the *greater*
y, he only saies it is the *greater*
ht, because it hath *more light* in
As for the *starrs*, he makes them
her *great* nor *small*; for he speakes
hem *sans circumstances*, in these
n Termes, *He made the starrs al-*
Indeed the *starrs* seeme to be the
r bodies, because they are at a *grea-*
distance from us, but to place *them*
the *Planets* at an *equall remove*,
then to call them *pebles*, is to *make*
othing of the starrs, as thou hast
barously done. Fie upon thee! thou
ter of *Arts*! I am for my part a-
n'd of thee.

Observation 13.

So you did Philalethes, *and I, ceive you will doe so againe,* Yes verily *Mastix*: I do gaine call the *Ptolomaic system* a *r bling confused Labyrinth.* But you grown *Censorious*, and aske *Qu ons* as if your *Breech* were of the *rum. Prithee tell me* (saith Ju *Moore*) *doest thou meane the Hea rumble?* Be sure Sir, that your C records what this *Examinat* depo I say the *naturall liquid Hea* which God made, doe *not rum* but the *solid*, *phantastic*, *Ptolo system* (if there were any such th would *rumble* most *terribly*, for t *could* be no *motion*, but the *Orbes* needs *break* one another to *p* Thus have I answer'd your *wo* first *Question*, and I am at leasu heare your *second. Doest thou m*

(th this *Alaz*) *that the Labyrinth*
bles? This is the *Quære*, and now
ramus pleads to the point. *No*
(ſaith he) *will ſay the Heavens,*
Labyrinth doth rumble, but ſuch
re no Engliſhmen, as you ſay ſome-
re you are not, and ſo doe not un-
tand the language. For my part,
rofeſſe I am no *Engliſhman*, nei-
would I be *taken* for *ſuch*, though
ve the *nation* aſwell as *thy ſelf*:
l for their *language*, if I did not
rſtand it, yet I might underſtand
rinth, for it is not *Engliſh*, but
k. But to come to thy *Queſtion*,
that by *Labyrinth* I underſtand
confuſed Ptolomaic Syſtem, not an
ficiall Fabric built here on *Earth*,
this *Labyrinth* (if there were *any*
) would *rumble*, in ſpite of all
liſhmen, and their *Language*.

aving now done with my *Laby-*
, this *Engliſhman* drives his own
l-barrow, and aske me, *Is a wheel-*

barrow a Bull? No *Mastix*, but a *confused wheel-barrow* is *such*. To his he answers very passionatly: *I ad*[illegible] not *confused to wheel-barrow, thats* [illegible] *doing, thou Author of confus*[illegible] Sirrah *Moore!* my words are th[illegible] *a rumbling confused Labyrinth.* F[illegible] you ejected my *Labyrinth*, and [illegible] *put in* your own *wheel-barrow*, so [illegible] your *Bull* remains: for though [illegible] added not *confused* to *wheel-bar*[illegible] yet you added *wheel-barrow* to *co*[illegible] *sed*, which is *one* and the *same Bul*[illegible]

Your next Quarrell *Mastix* [illegible] with those *Epithets* which I best[illegible] on the *Epicycles*, I call'd them [illegible] and *Diminutive*. Come then *Ki*[illegible] *perdoling!* Let me see what thou [illegible] say to the contrary. *The Semi-*[illegible] *meter* (sayst thou) *of Saturns Epi*[illegible] *is to the Semi-diameter of his E*[illegible] *trick, at least as* 1 *to* 10, *and the S*[illegible] *diameter of* Jupiters *Epicycle to* [illegible] *Semi-diameter of his Eccentrick* [illegible]

in as 1 *to* 6. Very good, *Harry ore*! and therefore say I, they are *all Diminutive Epicycles*. But this not it that *Harry* would overthrow, sees well enough that I am *invin-le*. I have spoken *something else*, d thats it which makes him spend *o pages* to confute *one phrase* of his *n*. I said that *Epicycles* were *Mites a Cheese*, and this *proportion* is that nich he *disputes* against. Ha! ha! ! It is thy *own phrase* thou *Moores ce!* and is it not *lawfull* for me to turne thy *Quibble*, but my *Jest* must a *Mathematicall position*? How e I *kick* thee like a *Foot-ball*, thou nseleſſe, inſipid *Mulatto*!

Obſervation 23.

HEre *I have you faſt* Philalethes, *for all your wriggling*, &c. Nay ithee now! that I hope thou wilt t ſay. How *faſt* am I *Maſtix*? Certainly

Certainly as fast as a *Bird* in the *Ai*
I said in my *Anthroposophia*, That t
Aire was *Corpus vitæ spiritus nos*
sensitivi, our Animal oile, the fuell
our vital sensuall fire, without wh
we cannot subsist a minute. Ha
Moore in his *Observations* conclu
from these words, that I *have giv*
Aristotle *one of his two Elements*
gaine; and thus he proves it; *If o*
vital and animal spirits be nouris
by the Ayr, then the Aire is an Eleme
of our Body. I dare boldly, and wit
out any *Injury* to thee affirme, Th
doest not know what an *Element*
nor what the *word* signifies. The *Ai*
indeed is *one principle* in our *wh*
frame, but every *principle* is not
Element. If thou doest think t
strange, I will teach thee by an *i*
stance thou art more *capable* of: O
soule is a *principle*, but notwithsta
ding our *soule* is no *Element*. But say
thou, I have made the *Ayr rather*

Compou

mpound than an Element, and this
ſave my ſelf from thy *Objection*.
deed thou doeſt not underſtand
mmon Engliſh, and therefore by thy
n Logic thou art no *Engliſhman*.
told thee thou didſt conclude the
ire an *Element*, becauſe I call'd it
le and *Fuell*; but I told thee again,
had been more *tollerable* in thee to
ink it a *Compound*, made of *Ele-*
ents, for ſuch are *Oyle* and *Fuel*. Doe
here affirme that the *Aire* is a *thing*
mpounded and *made* of the *Elements*?
urely *no*: I tell thee of thy *Abſurditie*,
r my *Metaphors* and *expreſſions* of
e *Aire* being *Oyl* and *Fuel*, it had been
ore *rationall* in *thee* to conclude it a
ing made of *Elements*, than an *Ele-*
ent, for ſuch are *Oyle* and *Fuel*. But
hat *non-ſenſe* have we here towards
e *end* of this twenty third *note*?
hou ſayeſt that *Aire is no more a*
mpound than the Earth, and than Wa-
r, which nouriſheth by Drinking, aſ-

well

well as the Aire can doe by breathi
Why Sirrah *Cobler!* doeſt thou ſ
goe beyond thy *laſt?* how dareſt th
ſpeak of thoſe things thou doeſt n
underſtand? I tell thee the *Aire*
not ſo much a Compound as *Ea*
and *Water*, for *Aire* is *Compoſitum*
ſimplicibus, but *Earth* and *Water*
Compoſita de Compoſitis.

Obſervation 24.

NO *it cannot*, &c. Why th
thou haſt ſpoken a *Bull*,
if *darkneſſe* cannot be cal
a *Maſſe*, as thou doeſt h
confeſſe, in what *ſenſe* haſt thou *ca*
it *ſo?* Thou wilt tell me perhaps th
haſt call'd it ſo in *non-ſenſe*, and t
indeed is *naturall* to *thee*. But I
grown very ignorant on a ſuddair
cannot *diſtinguiſh* between *Abſtra*
and *Concretes*. Yes, I can *Maſti*
but to *which* of *theſe* doeſt thou *ap*
ty

ny *Masse?* to the *Darknesse*, which is
ne *Abstract*, or to the *thin vaporous*
atter, which is the *Concrete?* It can
e *applyed* (sayst thou) *to neither*:
hy then my friend thou hast spo-
en a *Bull* both *in Abstracto*, and *in*
oncreto, and this is the *Bull* of *Basan*.
ut thou hast left the *darknesse* at last,
nd now thou doest fall on the *Se-*
ndary matter, which as I told thee
ormerly, is a *ponderous, white, radi-*
nt water. It may be this *water* is thy
oncrete, and so thou doest call a *white*
ater a *dark Masse*, which is indeed a
ull rampant. But enough of these
uls, let us now come to the rest of
ny *Cattell*, which thou doest call
guments. It is a *contradiction* (sayst
hou) to say *that the Chaos contain'd*
a a lesse compasse all that was after
ctracted. How doest thou prove this
Doctor *Bellowes*? *Condensation and*
arefaction (saith this Disputant)
cording to the common notion of the
Schools

Schools implie a contradiction, for [illegible]
Condensation and Rarefaction there
the Generation or Deperdition of no ne
matter. What is the *Ergo* to this lor
Antecedent? I prithee tell us *Har*
Moore. All matter (saith he) *hath in*
penetrable Dimensions, Therefore if t
extracted Heavens lay within the con
passe of the Masse, they possest the sa
space with the Masse, and did penetr
dimensions. Ha! ha! he! here is
rare, and a goodly *consequence.* If t
spirit of *wine* lies within the *compoun*
or *whole body* of *wine*, then it do
possesse the *same space* with the *bo*
it self, and therefore at the *Globe-T*
vern there is *Penetration* of *Dimen*
ons. But the best *Jest* is, that
infers a *Penetration* of *Dimensio*
from a quite *contrary Principle*, nam
ly *because Dimensions are impenetrab*
for from those *very words* doth he c
duce his *therefore.* I tell thee th
Scribler, that the extracted Heaven
wo

re *part* of the *Masse*, and the *parts* in the *whole* very *naturally*, and hout any *Penetration* of *Dimensi-*. This is *plaine*, for the *Chaos*, ng diminiſhed by *extraction* or *aration* of its *parts*, did not *fill* ſo at a *ſpace* as it did, when it was *in-e*, and not *diminiſhed*. It is *mani-f* then, that the *ſpace* of the *whole* *Caos*, and the *ſpace* which the *ſepa-ed parts* did *fill*, cannot be *one* and *ſame ſpace*. What a *Tranſcendent* *Buckhead* art *thou?* Thou canſt not nceive thoſe things which are evi-nt even to *Children*, and to all *Fooles* t thy ſelf?

Obſervation 26.

TO *ſay nothing to thy fond Cavil at words in thy former Obſervation*, &c. Here Maſter *Maſtix*, you examine my *ndamentals*, but tell me *Sirrah*, doe

doe you *understand* them? if not, h
dare you *judge* them? I *should* (
you) *have told you, what Earth is*
generall, before I told you there w
threefold earth. Tell me thou C
comb! what doest thou understand
a *generall Earth?* An *Abstract*, an
Creature of the *Braine?* This i
Principle to be *defin'd* in your *Sci*
ces, which are *not Sciences*, but c
ceited ridiculous *inventions.* I kn
no *earth*, but what is a *particular*
sible subject, and it was my *design*
lay down *naturall*; not *phantasti*
Principles. As for the *Element*
Earth, I did discourse of it *genera*
as also of the *Water*, and that *befo*
came to this *division.* But you m
bold to tell me of *Logic*, and that *e*
precept of Art should be Καθ' ὅλου πρῶτον.
stance in any *precept* of *mine*
should be *so*, and prove it to be *ot*
wise if thou darest. Alas poor *sn*
thou doest say *much*, but thou d

p

ve *nothing*. Thy next *ſcratch* is
ne *Magnet*, and here thou telleſt
. *thou haſt as ſubſtantially confuted*
s merily. Tell me where *Ma-*
, that I may *anſwer* thee, for on
ſoule I cannot *find* it. Thou doeſt
ſay, *thou haſt intimated* (but no-
knows *where*) *that this præcept of*
is not κατα παντὸς. It was thy *duty* to
ve it is not ſo, and when thou doeſt
mpt that, I will *diſprove* thee. But
haſt an *argument* againſt *it* at laſt,
I prithee tell us what *time* haſt
ſpent in framing this *toole*. This
trine of the *Magnet* (ſaith *Harry*
re) *hath no diſcovery by reaſon*, *or*
erience. It ſeems thou haſt not
l my *Deſcription* of the *Magnet*,
a moſt ſtrange *performance* doeſt
undertake, to *confute* thy *adver-*
, before thou haſt *perus'd* him. I
thee this *principle* was the *myſte-*
of *union*, and *without it* there could
no *Influentiall deſcent*, for it was

that which reconcil'd *extreams*, a
made *inferiors* and *ſuperiors* comm
nicat. Can there be a *greater rea*
produc'd, then ſuch a *neceſſitie* as
here *ment ion'd*, ſuch an uſefull *off*
and *mediation*? But come hither th
Maſter of *Arts*! Art thou a *Diſci*
of *Plato*, and haſt thou not *read* in
Platonics of ſuch a *principle* as *th*
Thou art indeed a blockiſh illite
Scribler, but *deny* this *Magnet* if t
wilt, and *oppoſe* it if thou dareſt. N
Maſter *Moore*, I muſt tell thee o
horrible, intollerable *Bull* of thi
It is not uncivill (ſayſt thou) *no*
buſive to call one a pickpocket, th
not ſo. Ha! ha! he! *Readers* how
you! have a care you doe not *la*
your ſelves out of *breath*.

Obſervation 29.

BUt Magicus *is too wiſe to un*
ſtand him, &c. You mean S

, but if I doe not *understand* why doe not you *confute* my *in-tation* of his *Text*? Art not ſham'd to *prate*, and *prove* no-? *Paradiſe* (ſay you) *is in a pure mind*, but ſay I, this is a *Bull*, *pure clear mind* is in *Paradiſe*, e thou doeſt make the *ſoule* to : *ſame* with the *Region* or *Ha-n* of the *ſoule*. If thou art ſo lent, *Chriſt Jeſus* ſhall rebuke vho tels us expreſly, *There are Manſions in his Fathers houſe*, romiſeth a *poſſeſſion* to the *Thief* Croſſe, *To day ſhalt thou bee ie in Paradiſe*.

Obſervation 32.

HEre in anſwer to my Objection thou telleſt me, &c. Here *Maſtix* thou doeſt *lie* moſt impudently, *I told ot* (ſayſt thou) *what operations*

were proper to Ruach, *and w*
Nepheſh: *whether in this the I*
life were ſeated, in that the A
and fleſhly Reaſon. It is a *ſham*
thee to have written *Obſervatio*
on my *Anthropoſophia*, when
now plainly appears) thou ha
read it. Face about my friend
peruſe it once more: I have v
ſomething there concerning th
bidden fruit, bee pleas'd to
that *part* of my *diſcourſe*, an
wilt find thy *Queſtions* anſwe
large.

Obſervation 34.

YES, *it is one of thoſe three a*
&c. In this place thou do
deavour to make me *guiltie* of a
ridiculous *deſign*; to find ou
truths, that were never known
before me. This impudent
thou doeſt *falſly* and *fooliſhly*

n these *words* of mine.

And now Reader, Arrige aures: *ue on without prejudice, and I will hee that which never hitherto hath discovered*. Now *Mastix*, re is thy *argument?* for here are *words*. I see my *friend*, I see thy *rall non-sense*. Because it was r *publickly discovered before* to Readers, *Ergo* it was *never known re*. Ha! ha! he! What a sense- ridiculous *Goblin* art thou! for ie *desist*, or if thou wilt *write*, get *rse* to teach thee *English*. But you another *Bullet* in your *Elder-gun*; *discovery* of mine is *none* at all, the was published before: *it is a n notion amongst the Christian nists*. Away thou splenetic, en- ; *Quack*! Why hast thou not one of those *Platonists?* Thou ay perhaps I did not *call* for thy . It is *false* thou sneaking *Coward*! 'd thee to it in these very words.

But prithee Mastix, *what Platonist ever tell thee that* Anima Mundi *the forbidden fruit? They knew what to make of that sensitive gust doest talk of, neither didst thou, my Book came to thy hands.* Here I put *them* and *thee* too under the *ches*: if thou doest not respect *friends*, yet faile not hereafter to *swer* for thy *self*.

Observation. 35.

Your answer then to this servation is this. That soule is propagated as is from Light. That the a multiplication without decision division, &c. Thou art right for *Mastix*, and in this place I have fortune to be *understood*. But I see what *Engines* and *Batteries* planted against this *truth*. Thou refer me to the *Stanza's* of a cer-

C

to, where thou doeſt promiſe to rtain me with *reaſon* and *ſenſe*, but eu of thoſe *Regalos*, I have a *bro-* of *canting* and *non-ſenſe*.

efore who thinks from ſouls new ſouls to bring,
ime let preſſe the Sun-beams in his Fiſt,
ſqueeſe out drops of Light, or ſtrongly wring
Rain-bow, till it die his hands well preſt.

fter this follows another *Task* in *allad*, like the *ſecond part to the tune*: That we ſhould *bray the tionall ſpecies in a Mortar, till ve expreſt an eye-ſalve to diſcern- ayrie-Queen*. Truly Maſter *Moore*, er ſaw thy *Poem* till I had firſt 'd thy *Obſervations* on my *diſ-* *of the nature of man*, then was preſented with thy *Coplas* by a *d*, who inform'd me of the *ſong*, ne *ſinger*. I was far enough for *art* from diſturbing thy *peace*, nce thou haſt *unworthily* abus'd

my *prose*, I will now as *justly* exam
thy *verse*.

Thou doest here reject the *mu*
plication of *souls*, because thou ca
not *squeese drops of light* from the *S*
beams, or *expresse* an *eye-salve* fr
the *intentionall species*, as we expr
wine from the *Grape*. O the *blindi*
of this *Ballad-monger*! He doth *n*
sure the *vitall mysteries* of *nature*,
the *Destructive Knacks* of *Art*,
what is most *grosse*, mistakes *extra*
ons for *multiplications*. Well goe
ways for the most absolute *Owle*,
ever was at *Athens*. Thy next
gument is a pretended *salvo*, a
way to *light Lamps*, because
wouldst avoid the *multiplicatio*
light, and thus *hobbles* thy *Stanza*.

No substance new that act doth
produce,
Only the Oylie Atoms it doth ex
and wake into a Flame.

Here thou doest tell us, that

oe Lamp *lights* another, no new
ight is then *produc'd* only the *oylie*
oms are *excited* into a *Flame*. To
s I say, that no *Oylie ſubſtance* can
turn'd into *light*, but on the *con-*
ry the *light* feeds on the *Oyle* and
ſumes it, and this *effect* proves them
ferent *ſubſtances*: for if they were
and the *ſame*, the *Oyle* would *ne-*
r be *ſpent*, for nothing *devoures* it
f, and by conſequence the *Light*
uld *never* goe *out*. Again my *friend*:
very *Oylie Body* is *paſſive*, and can-
t *excite* it *ſelf* to a *flame*, but muſt
ve ſome *active influence* commu-
cated that may *alter* it into *vapour*,
which *vapour* the *light* incorporats,
d this *compound* of *light* and *vapour*
e call a *flame*: now this *active* com-
unicated *influence*, is infuſed *mul-*
plied light. But I muſt take thee by
e noddle *Maſtix*, thou doeſt ſpeak
Atoms as of things *granted*, but
uſt me *thou* art *miſtaken*, and ſo is
es Chartes.

It

It is true indeed, wee may fan
Atoms, or *indiviſible parts* in a
Continuum whatſoever, but to pr
poſe this *fancie* as the *Ground-w*
of *Philoſophie*, is that which muſt n
be *tolerated*. Pardon me Sir, if t
ſaucie *Negative* offends your *Bea*
ſhip: your *Briſtl'd gravitie*, whi
like an *Aldermans Fur*, you wea
for *Impoſture*. It is a moſt *trecher*
Excreſcencie, and ſerves mee f
Copps, and *Thickets*. Little doe y
think, I have an *Ambuſcado* there,
ſurprize your *Tongue* in ſpite of yo
Teeth. Not a *word* comes out, bu
ſnap it, and if you will not believ
take this *Evidence*. Your *Swarm*
Atoms is out at your *Hive*, they
like duſt about your *Muſtachos*, a
now *fall on* my *Philiſtines*, Have
thee *Harry*! Thou doeſt advance li
a *Companie* of *woodden legs*, in limp
ing *halting verſe*, but I will *char*
thee with a *Marching Proſe*.

If there bee any such *Things* as *Atoms*, then they must be either *Principles*, or *Compounds*: But they are neither Principles, nor Compounds. *Ergo*, &c. The *division* is *Immediat*, and therefore *Necessarie*, and the parts of it I will thus prove. If *Atoms* be *Compounds*, they must have some *præexistent Principles*, whereof they be *compounded*, and I desire to know what *Principles* those are; For either they are compounded of *Atoms*, or else of *divisible Substances*, and *Nonatoms*. As to the *first*, If Atoms bee made of *Atoms*, then both *Principles* and *Compounds* are *one* and the *same thing*, namely *Atoms*, which is *absurd*, and withall *Impossible*: for *many Atoms* being *united* must needes *make* one *divisible*, or it will *follow*, That *divisible Bodies* are not made of *Atoms*, which is very *true*. If you say they are made of *divisible Substances*, or *Noneatoms*, an æquall *Absurditie* will

will follow; Namely that *Substance* whereof every *one* is by it self *divible*, should in their *Union* or *Composition* make an *Atom*, or a *Substance indivisible*. It is plain then that *Atoms* cannot bee *Compounds*, and now I will prove they are not *Principles*.

If *Atoms* are *Principles*, then they are either *Compounded*, or *simple substances*: but they are *neither* of these *Ergo*, &c. The *division* again is *immediat*, and therefore *Necessarie*: The *parts* of it I will *prove* thus. If you say they are *Compounded Substances*, the *former Absurdities* will follow, and an *Argument* more to *boote*, namely that *they* are no *Principles*. If you say they are *simple Substances*, then the *Simples* are either *all* of a *sort*, or else there are *different sorts* of *Atoms*: If they bee *all* of a *sort*, then there can be no *Generation*, and by Consequence your *Principles are useleſs*: for *Generation* proceedes from *Contrarie*

Principles

rinciples, not from *thoſe* that are *all* of a *ſort*, for *they* could not work *one* upon *another*, ſo that there would be no *alteration*, and by conſequence no *Generation*. If you ſay there are *different ſorts* of *Atoms*, then theſe *ſorts* are either *finite*, or *infinite*. If you ſay *infinite ſorts*, then there are *infinite ſorts* of *principles*, which is both *confuſion* and *abſurditie*. If your *ſorts* of *Atoms* are *finite*, then they muſt be *foure* only, anſwerable to the foure generall natures, *Earth*, *Water*, *Aire*, and *Fire*, and your *Philoſophie* muſt run thus. There are only *foure kinds* of Atoms, *Earthy*, *Watery*, *Ayrie*, and *Firie*: And now *Harry Moore*, where are thy *Oylie* Atoms, for here is no Roome for them? You will tell me perhaps they are *Quinteſſentiall* Atoms, of a *fifth order* different from the other *foure*. Ha! ha! he! Againe my friend, If there be *foure kinds* of Atoms, *Earthy Waterie*, &c. Then theſe

Earthy

Earthy and *Watery Atoms* are eith
integrall parts, or *essentiall constituti*
parts and *principles* of *Earth* and *W*
ter. If you say they are *integral par*
then they are *perfect Earth* and *W*
ter, and by consequence they are *co*
pounds not *principles*, for *Earth* a
Water are *compounds*: but we ha
formerly *proved* that *Atoms* cann
be *compounds*. If you say they a
Essentiall principles of *Earth* and *W*
ter, then they cannot be *Earthy* a
watery Atoms, for *principles* cann
have the *same Complexion* with th
Compounds. But this is not all, f
I have not yet done with thee *Masti*
come about once more. All *natur*
principles (if they be *such* indeed) mu
have *contrary qualities*, and *differe*
amongst *themselves*: for saith A
stotle, *Quicquid fit, ex contrariis fi*
necesse est: otherwise there could be
mutation, and by consequence no *g*
neration. Now I desire to kn

fr

m whence thy *Atoms* received their
ferent and *contrary natures?* for
ier they received them from the
re generall contrary natures, Earth,
ter, Ayre, and *Fire*, or they re-
ved them from *ſomething elſe.* If
ı ſay they received them from the
re generall natures, then they are
principles, but *products*, or things
pounded of the *foure generall na-*
es, and this we have formerly pro-
l *Impoſſible.* If you ſay their *diffe-*
ce of *complexions* proceeds from
ething elſe, then they cannot be
rthie, Waterie, Ayrie, and *Fierie*
oms, but they muſt have ſome *other*
lities, and I deſire to know what
lities thoſe *are*, and from *whence*
y *ſpring?* Thou art gone *Harry!*
ave utterly overthrown thy *Fun-*
nentals: But courage my *friend!*
s no *ſingle Ruine* for *Des Cartes*
s in the ſame *Grave* with *thee.*
Now *Sirrah*, having *diſcompos'd*
and

and *routed* thy *Knot* of *Atoms*, I wi
in the next place come to the *Cha*
and thus I *purſue* them *out* of t
world.

If there be any ſuch *Things* as *A*
toms, they are either *Generall*,
Particular Natures, but *neither*
Theſe, *Ergo*, &c. If they are *gener*
Natures, how come they to have t
Complexion of particular ſpecifi
Compounds, namely to be *Oylie Aton*
If *particular Natures*, then every
tom muſt either be an *Individu*
which is *Abſurd*, or els they muſt
Compounded Integr l parts of the *t*
dy, as every *part* of *Gold* is *Gold*;
ſo, they can be neither *Principles*, n
Atoms: for every *Compounded p*
conſiſts of *parts*, and by Conſequen
is *diviſible* into thoſe *parts*, and the
fore no *Atom*; But even *this* alſo
impoſſible, for wee have forme
proved that *Atoms* can bee no C
pounds. But to give thee a litle m
lab

ur, I will bring in a *Secoud Argu-*
t.

f there be any ſuch *Principles* as
ns, They are either *Active*, or
ve, or *Both*. If onely *Active*,
t ſhall wee doe for a *Material*
ciple, for that is *Paſſive*? If one-
aſſive; what is becom of the *For-*
Principle, for that is *Active*?
oth *Active* and *Paſſive*, I deſire
know their *different Qualities*,
ſom *Atoms* come to be *Formall*
Active, and ſome Others *Mate-*
and *Paſſive*? Certainly theſe
prove but pittifull *Males* and
ales: and heere Sir, you muſt
e good that *Ieſt* of Doctor *Don*,
write your next Book *De Herma-*
dititate Atomorum.

his is Inough, and too much for
; I will now returne, and ſee
t more thou haſt to ſay againſt
Multiplication of *ſoules.*

——But no ſuch uſe
There is of humane ſperm: for our free ſp
Is not the kindl'd ſeed, but ſubſtance q
Diſtinct there from. &c.

Heere thou ſay'ſt, that the *ſoule* *Man* is not the *kindl'd ſeed*. Th are blind, poeticall *Termes*, bu ſuppoſe thou doeſt underſtand *ſperm actuated* by the *ſpirit*, and *ſperm* ſay'ſt thou, *is not the ſou* hope there is not any ſo *Barbar* as to think the *Contrarie*. But then doeſt thou *diſpute* againſt *Abſurditie*, which *no man* affir namely that the *ſoule ſhould bee* *Bodily ſperm*: for thy laſt *Stanza* cernes *nothing els*! Doth this o the *propagation* of *ſpirit* from *ſpi* It is no *wonder* indeed thou *miſinterpret* my *Book*, when thou eſt ſo *blindly miſapply* thy *owne*.

Obſerv

Observation 37.

VEll now I perceive that thou thinkest, &c. What a doest thou *perceive?* That thou *see*, when thou doest *dream?* I ell thee Newes *Harry:* I am *a-* when I *sleep*, for many times I , and *seeme* to be *awake*. Nay . There are *those* that doe not *seeme* to *act* in their *dreames*, e *really* performe those *actions* ir *sleep*, which wee cannot *com-* *doe*, but with *open eyes*. Now I to know of thee, what *Light* which guides them in their way *s oculis*. Answer mee if thou . For either this *Internall Fa-* is the *same* with that which *acts* *nally*, or a *facultie different* *it:* If it bee the *same*, then the *facultie* is not *destroy'd*, but the *ely*, or *bodily organ*, as I have

 told

told thee. If thou say'st it is a *diffe* *facultie*, how comes it to have *same objects*, namely *visibles*, at Things that seeme *visible*? an truth *are* so *inwardly*, for wee ca *remember* them, if them *were not* in good earnest doest thou think *facultie* of the *soule* is *destroy'd* cause the *Organ* is *Corrupted*? heed *my friend*, this is the *righ* to *hazard* the *Immortalitie* of it for thy *Bull*, and mis-interpret of my *Book*, that *blind men se* *cause they dream*, it plainly disc thy *Ignorance*, for thou canst no *tinguish* between the *Internall* *Externall Actions* of the *soule*.

Observation 38.

I *Doe not altogether contemn* *Symbols and signatures of N.* *but I believe*, &c. I doe not onc *lieve Mastix*, but I am *sure*

ſt not *underſtand* the *Doctrine* of
atures, and this appears by thy
iſh anſwer, which hath no more
ins, than the *pulp of a Wall-nut*.

Obſervation 39.

What a pittifull account doeſt thou give me here, &c. Thou
ſt indeed give me a *moſt pittifull*,
a *brutiſh account* of the *ſoul* of *man*.
ſoule (ſayſt thou) *that is Senſitive*,
ſt needs alſo be Rational, and ani-
dverſive, and hence will follow an
rditie, that every man hath in him
Rationall ſouls. Ha! ha he! Thy
ds (I believe *Maſtix*) have *ſenſe*,
yet they have no *animadverſion*.
to make the truth more plaine, I
l deſcend from *man*, and *inſtance*
nore *inferior creatures*. There is
nſitive ſpirit in *worms* and *Flyes*,
doth it follow therefore that the
e ſpirit muſt be *Rationall* and *ani-*

madverſive? By this accompt a *lo*
of *Harry Moore* hath the *ſame ſ*
with *Harry* himſelf, namely a *ratio*
animadverſive ſoule. Ha! ha! h
Thou art indeed a ſweet Philoſoph
Thou doeſt make *ſenſe* and *reaſon*
be the *faculties* of *one* and the *ſ*
ſpirit, ſo that whereſoever ther
ſenſe, there alſo muſt be *animadve*
on: and by this conſequence *H*
Moore's Heels are as *animadver*
as his *Head*, nay his *Breech* will c
teſt with his *Braine*, and he muſt p
for a *kind* of *new creature*, a *Gen*
man with *intellectual poſteriors*.

As for that which you ſay to
purpoſe, namely that there *canno*
two ſenſitive ſouls at all in man, i
falſe: for there are two *ſentient*
rits in *man*, but not in the *ſame deg*
for the *rationall ſpirit* is ſentient *e*
nenter, in a more *excellent way* t
the *brutiſh animal portion*; and h
is no *abſurditie* at all, becauſe th

deg

rees of ſenſe are *ſubordinat*; for as
ld you formerly, the *ſuperior Eſ-*
e involves, or hath in him all the
lties of the *inferior*, but the *in-*
r attains not to *all* the *faculties* of
uperior, no not to *any* of *them* in
ſame *meaſure* and *perfection* with
uperior.

n the next place you cavill with
octrine you doe not *nnderſtand*,
t the *ſoule* ſhould know all things
converſione ad phantaſmata. Here
object, that the *ſoule* cannot know
hings, becauſe ſhe cannot know
individuals. Thy *reaſon* for
Maſtix? I ſuppoſe becauſe ſhe
not *know* their *different numeri-*
complexions, with thoſe corrupt,
ular *Diſpoſitions*, which *depend*
them. Theſe my friend are but
entary temporall paſſions, and
vations of *nature*: They ſhall
de morte in mortem, but their
iall proprieties and *principles* both

materiall and *formall*, ſhe may kn
and this *ſine converſione ad phani
mata.* As for that *controverſie*,
non-plus of thy *Platoniſts*, it is a *tr*
without *controverſie*, for if *Indivi
als* had no *Idea's* or *Patterns*, whe
by they are *fram'd*, then they co
not be *fram'd at all*, and by *conſequ
there would be *no Individuals.*
thee gone thou *Bungler*, and w
another *Cupids conflict*; That *D
logue* indeed had ſomething of *de
it was ſcribl'd* in *commendation* of
own verſe. In good earneſt *Ha
thou muſt doe *ſo again*, and n
Mela thy Dear commend thy *proſe.*

Obſervation 42.

But you contending that it was.
Here thou doeſt tell me, th
prefer *Agrippa* to *Moſes* and *Ch*
or in thy own barbarous phraſe *be*
Moſes and *Chriſt.* What I have

Maſ

Mastix, is *published*, and *my words* ere these. I *owe all the Philosophie have next to God, to* Agrippa. Doe here prefer *Agrippa* to *God* and his *ord*, much lesse to *Christ Jesus*: et the *Readers* judge, for I will refer *y self* to *them*.

Observation 45.

You meane then that a Protestant and a Christian are Termini Convertibiles, &c. I never id thee any such thing, but certain- they are *convertible terms*, if the *opositions* be not *universal*; *for eve- Protestant is a Christian*, Ergo, *some hristian is a Protestant*.

But all this is nothing to *salvation*: e were not redeem'd with *Syllogisms*, ut with the *Bloud* of *Christ Jesus*, nd when the *Protestants* (of *whom* I m *one*) shall appeare before *him*, I ake no question but *he* will *acknow-*

ledge

ledge us to be *Christians*, and th
(if thou canst) doe thou *disprove hi*
Now Master *Mastix* you leave off
be a *Philosopher*, and approve yo
self an impudent frivolous *Fescennin*
You fall upon my *verse* like a *Zan*
and sure when this *non-sense* flew fro
you, I conceive you were in some a
swerable *distorted posture*, like *Gr*
culo in your *Ballad*:

Here Graculo *learing up with one eye (pau*
View'd the broad Heavens long resting in
And all the while he held his neck awry
Like listning Daw, turning his nimble Nose
At last these words his silent tongue did loose.

Did not you Master *Mastix*, hol
your neck awry, and turn *your nimb*
Nose, when you squirted these *insipi*
Comments on my *verse*? Get the
gone thou *Toole* of *Elfin*! Thou *Mon*
kie of Mistris *Mab*! for thou doe
immitat *Spencer* and his *Rhime*, n
Plato and his *Reason*. I will not her

insi

sist on those *grosse Sarcasms*, which thou hast *injuriously applyed* to the most glorious *Universitie*. It is enough that *Oxford* is *beyond* thy *scurrility*, and had *she* been as far *above* thy *spite*, as she was *above contempt*, she had not been *subject* to her present *misfortunes*.

Observation 49.

THy words are, I expose it not to the mercy of man but of God, &c. It is true, those are my words, and therefore didst thou conclude me *an absolute Tyrant in Philosophie*. To this I replyed, that I *concluded not thy censure but thy mercy*, and therefore was no *Tyrant*, for *Tyrants* will not be *subject* to *censures*. Now my friend, let us see by what *means* thou wouldest *confute* me. *It is no hardship at all* (sayst thou) *to bee exposed to mercy, and therefore by*

mercy

Mercy thou must needs understand Cen-
sure. Tell me *Harry Moore*, who
doest thou *oppose* here, *Eugenius*,
Mastix? Ha! ha! he! But there is
a *Bull* here *Sirrah*, which I must put
you in mind of, *That by Mercie I should*
understand Censure, a thing altogether
impossible. I told thee, I did not *ex-*
pose my book to the mercy of man,
I expected *something else* from *him*,
which could not be *signified* by *mer-*
cy, but was quite *contrary* to it, name-
ly a corrupt, ridiculous *Judgement*.
Indeed *Harry* thy *Tropes* are *mon-*
strous, and truly so is thy *Rhetor*:
There is no *School-boy* but is better
styl'd, and can *write* with much more
reason and *dependencie*.

The

THy first part *Mastix*, is now *sifted*, and I have not *declin'd* any one *passage* that pretended to *reason*. Thy *istempers* indeed (which I suppose hou doest call *deiformitie*, and *uniersalitie* of *spirit*) I have past by, and hose scandalous *Raylings*, which rove thee *possest*, not *inspir'd*. I am ow come to thy *observations* on my *Anima Magica*, and thou hast but *nine otes* on that mysterious *discourse*, hich was *Field* enough for many *en-men*. These because they seeme *hilosophicall*, I will honour with an *nswer*, but thy *excursions* I scorne to ook upon. I will not *defile* my self vith *Mire* and *Vomits*, but I think it it to tell thee, That from thy 185. age, to the 207. which is thy very ast, thou doest build in thy *blew Chas*, reare up *phantastic Castles*, and *Trophees* to thy self, as if they were ounded on the *ruines* of *Eugenius Philalethes*.

Philalethes. It is indeed a *fruitless pomp* of thine: Thou hast *built* m friend on *shot* and *Gun-powder*, an now will I *give fire* to the *Mine*, an set all thy *Architecture* to *shivers.*

Observation 1.

WHY *Magicus*, *because yo make up the rest with think ing?* &c. No *Maurus* that needed not, though I might we enough, for I knew the rest long be fore. There is no man I think so *ma* as to mistake *Nature* for an *outwar Principle*, and for my part I am sur I did not, so that I left no part of th *Definition* out, but what was *negativ* and therefore not *Essentiall*, namel those superfluous words, *Non per Ac cidens.*

Observatio

Obſervation 2.

Told thee ſo Phil. *and doe tell thee ſo againe*, &c. Thou art good indeed *Tales*, and for *nothing elſe*. It was *deſigne* (had it been thy power) diſprove me in both thy *bookes*. t where is thy *Reaſon* for what thou *leſt*? *A ſubſtance* (ſaiſt thou) *can-be known*: This is thy *ſenſe*, but here is thy *evidence*? Thou doeſt from *Subſtances*, and *tell* us of *O-rations*, and then followes another *lling*, which you call an *Argument*. *is a Truth* (ſaith *Moore*) *moſt eve-nly playn to any man that is not ſtark ind*. Ha! ha! he! Go ſtudy againe, d *tell* me not of a *Confutation*, un-ſſe thou canſt firſt *tell* me of a *Rea-n*. But you have another *Tale*, and is you think will overthrow me. ou would have me tell you *what a bſtance is, and how it may be known.*

I thought you had written to *confu*
me, but if it be your desire to *learne*
me, you have not gon the *right wa*
you should have us'd me with mu
more *Civility*: Howsoever I will *i*
forme you as far as I may: Search, a
looke for the *Center* of *Nature*, a
there you will find what a *Substance*
But *how* you shall *search*, that you m
know a *Substance*, is *more* than I m
tell you, for you have not the *Dese*
nor I my selfe the *privilege*. This is
that is worth the *answering*, only y
labour to *excuse* a *Bull* of your ow
but *cannot*. This weakness Mr. *Moo*
I will pardon, for I am not so *cont*
tious, as to *quarrell* with *Infirmiti*
when they do not *concerne* me.

Observation 3 & 4.

Your *third Observation* is the sa
with the former, and theref
allready *answered*. In your *fourth N*
you father your *Absurdties* on *Iul*
Scalig

aliger, an *Author* that hath *enough* his *owne*, and you need not *add* to *stock*. Then you fall again on the owledge of *Substances*, and heer u tell us, you have *demonstrated*, t it *is impossible to know Substances by their Operations*. Where *Har-*? I have perus'd every Page and ne in thy Booke, and I can find no gument to prove it, but that *Tale* h which once more thou doest *tayle* s *Observation*. *It is a Truth* (saist ou) *so cleare, that it is cleare he is titute of sight and Judgement, that h not discern it even at the first Pro-all*. Is this thy *Demonstration*? oth this prove, that *Substances* can-be *known* but by their *Operations*? uly if this proves any thing, it must first granted, thou art either *Text*, *Oracle*, for thou doest only *speake* thou doest not *prove* it. But that I y both *speake*, and *prove* thee an *Ig-ant*, I aske thee if *all Substances*

have *operations*? If not, thy *Posi* falls to the ground. Now my frie what doest thou thinke of the *Ma* for it is a *substance*, but *meerely pas* and therefore hath no *operation*? H then shall I know this *substance*? me *Harry*, and it will be a good *T* I could advise thee to go and *sleep* may be thou wilt *dreame* of it in next *Insomnium Philosophicum*.

Observation 8.

NO Magicus, *but I doe not.* You did aske me *Ma* how the *first spermat Rudiments could possibly carcerat so thin and agil a substan a soule, when they are so lax, and flu* To this I replyed in these wo Mastix *it seems you place the diff tie in the Rudiments or Sperms, cause they are lax and fluid.* Now *Pædagog*, in your *second lash*, yo

your opinion, and tell me, *No* Ma-
is, *but I doe not.* Well then, let
ee *where* the *difficultie* lyes, for
will appeal to your own words.
difficultie (say you) *is, how a thing*
btil as a soule is, should misse a vent
lax matter as the first rudiments
fe. This is the difficultie Magicus.
are thee *Maurus*, and I heare with-
he most grosse *non-sense* and *con-*
liction, that ever was utter'd. First,
doest tell me, the *difficultie* lyes
in the *matter* because it is *lax*,
thou doest place it *elsewhere*. Se-
lly, when thou wouldst shew me
re else it is, thou doest tell me it is
ne matter, because it is *lax*, for
e are thy own words. *The diffi-*
ie is, how a thing so subtil as a soule
ould misse a vent in so lax matter
e rudiments of life. Ha! ha! he!
is a *circle* of *non-sense*, if a *Con-*
r could but bring the *Devill* in,
ould never *get out* of it. *The soule*

cannot be retain'd in a matter th
lax and fluid. No forsooth, th
not his *meaning*; but *in a matter*
is lax and fluid, the soule cannot b
tain'd. Hocas Pocas, and *Pr*
This would puzzle a *Gypsie*, and
Jack-man. In the name of *F*
Rush what art thou? I remem
Mastix, thou hast somewhere an *E*
cismus: give me leave to *apply*
this *Riddle*, and see if it will *unfold*

Open thou Earth! unclose thou fast-boun
Of smoring Darknesse!

It will not doe, what an ob
pug is this? Is it not possible to
those *Fryars*, who did sometimes
orcize *Ignoramus* at *Cambri*
Certainly his *Riota* and his *Routa*
tractable supple *Devils*, to this c
non-sense of the *lax Matter*. B
us examine this Matter once n
The *difficultie* is, the soul's *missi*
a *vent*, and this in the *matter*, v
seems *improbable*, because the *n*

lax and *fluid*, and this is *argu'd* by
Emphasis of thy own words, *in so*
a matter: Is this your meaning
astix, or doe you meane this? *No*
gicus, (say you,) *but I doe not*. Well
en my friend, what doest thou mean?
the *difficultie* in the *soule*, because
s *subtil*? Truly this *interpretation*
th no way agree with thy *expres-*
n: but thou hast, *Harry*, most strange
ms of *speech*, and a *Knack* not
own at *Babel*: Thou canst *confound*
guages, and not *multiplie* them. I
pose thou doest *believe*, that if
soule were impriſon'd in *Brasse* and
n, which are *solid bodies*, she would
ily *get out*, for she can *passe* thorough
body be it never so *hard* and *com-*
t. The *mystery* then is, how she
nes to be *retain'd* in the *sperm*,
ich is a *fluid weake substance*, and
most as *pervious* as *water*. You must
ow that every *soule* hath a *naturall*
untary application to the *sperm*,

for she *assumes* not her *body* by *co-pulsion*, but *willingly*. This *will propension* of the *soule* is accomplisht and confirm'd by the *hidden æt reall vestiments* inclos'd in the *Spe* for they are *neer* of *complexion* w the very *substance* of the *Anima*, that she easily *mingles* with *them*, *Fire* doth with *Aire*, and *thus* comes to be *retain'd*. But this *t* is not *fully known* to any but the *depti*, whose *experience* tels them w a *strong union* there is *between* the *nima* and her *vestiments*, and h *difficult* a *task* it is to *separat her* f *them*. Other *Philosophers* doe *blindly discourse* of *sympathie* and *tipathie*, as *Harry Moore* doth in *Observation*, and in this *sense Asy sapientiæ* is *Asylum ignorantiæ*, thou doest *speak* of that, which t doest not *understand*. Howsoever my *Readers* may know I speak *rea* I will shew thee what *sympathies*

d *whence* it *proceeds*. *Sympathie* is thing elſe but a *naturall application*, *propenſion* that *one thing* hath of *it* f to *another*. It *proceeds* from a *temperature* in ſome *meaſure*, or *mbol* of *qualities* and *complexions*. ius the *Fire* hath *partly* the ſame *mperature* with the *Aire*, and the *re* with the *Water*, ſo that the *in-ior* eaſily *receives*, and *admits* of *ſuperior*, and the *ſuperior*, as eaſily *tes* with the *inferior*. Now my nd, I will come to thoſe *Objecti-* which thou haſt *fanſied* in the *ke* againſt my *flame* and *candle*. I d thee *Maſtix*, that in every *ſperm* re was a *hidden æthereall moyſture*, r of *complexion* to the *Fire* of the *nima*, and by this the *Anima* was *ted* to the *ſperm*, as *light* is *united* a *candle*. This thou doeſt call a *ticall Illuſtration*, becauſe it is a *ſicall inſtance*. But this indeed is *newes*, I know thou doeſt ſpeak

Buls, not *poetically*, but *naturally*. I did expect thou wouldst *oppose* the *union* of the *light* to the *candle*, or the of the *soule* to the *body*, for it is the *point controverted*, but thou dost dwell upon *circumstances*, which *concerne* not the *union* at all, and *wherof* every one is *false*. Thy first exception is, *that the light is without the candle, not in it*. It seems thy *reason* is neither *within thee*, nor *without thee*; for if it were *within thee*, I suppose thou wouldst make *use* of it, and if it be any where *without thee*, why not in thy *Book?* The *light* my friend with incessant *heat* turns the *tallow* to *vapour*, and *in* that *vapour* the light *incorporats*, so that the *light* is *in* the *Candle*, not *without it*. But if by *candle* thou doest understand the *tallow* which the *light* hath not *alter'd* to a *vapour*, it is not indeed *in that*, nor is there any *reason* it should *be*, for it is not yet *united* to it. Thy

ond objection *Mastix*, is far more ridi-
ulous than the former, *The light* (sayst
ou) *is the effect of the candle*. Ha! ha!
e! Didst thou ever know a candle
tin, and *generat* a *light* of *it self*?
f not, the *light* cannot be the *effect*
f it. But tell me in good earnest, doth
ot the *light* come *ab extra*? Doth
ot the *candle* borrow it *elsewhere*?
prithee *Harry*, impart this *project*
f a *self-tinning candle* to the *world*:
t will put down *Touch-wood* and *Tin-
er-boxes*, and silence the *Chimes* of
Flint and *steele*. But thou hast ano-
her *Bull rampant*, and it is that which
hou doest call a third *argument*. *The
ight of a candle* (sayst thou) *is not al-
vayes the same light, no more than wa-
er between the banks of a river is al-
vaies the same water*. Why so *Ma-
tix*? Doth the *light* part *from* the
andle, as the *water* doth from the
Banks? I think not: for then thou
would'st be left in the *dark*; and truly

thou

thou art in the *dark* already. Indee
the *body* wherein the *light* is, name
the *vapour*, is not *alwaies* the *sam*
for when the *light* hath *prey'd* on t
purer *oleous parts* of it, the mo
crude portion which is not *apt* for t
light to *embody* in, gets away in *smoa*
but the *light* still *supplies* it self wi
a *new body*, as long as the *candle* w
last, and continues *alwaies* one and t
same light. Now I have broken th
three blunt *Tools*; but if these *simpl*
cities had not been *refuted*, doe
thou think they could any way hav
disproved the *union* I did speak of
Get thee gone, and *put thy finger*
thy Nose, and put something else
thy *mouth*, for thou shalt doe well
stop it, till thou art *able* to speak *sens*
Thou hast indeed so *disgraced* th
Mother Universitie, the *Students* shou
hale thee to the *Bridge*, and *tumb*
thee like a *Lent* of *Clouts* into *Cham*,
prevent their further *dishonour*.

Observatio

Observation 9.

All that I say there is, &c. Here you say, and with you one *Theulus*, that the *sense* of the *soule* (for that is it which *Virgil* mentions) is the *vestiment* of the *soule*, but I say this is *non-sense*. True it is, the *Anima* her self is *vehiculum Mentis*, the *vehicle* of the superior *Intellectuall portion*, but what *spirit* that is, which is *vehiculum animæ*, the *vehicle*, or *vestiment* of the *Sensual soul*, of which soul the *Poet* speaks, you doe not *know*: and therefore peace *Quacks*! or *speak* of that which you doe *understand*.

Now Master *Mastix*, having lost your self in an *inferior Theme*, you have the *impudence* to attempt a more *Majestic* one. You run to my *Intelligent light*, like a *Fly* to a *candle*, but your *folly* hath *cost* you your *wings*: you are *burnt* for your *saucinesse*, and

now

now you *ſtink* like the *Snuffe*. In t
firſt place Maſter *Maurus*, you l
a *foundation* for your *future non-ſen*
and tell me what *Fire* is. *It is* (
you) *a fluid body, ſwiftly and var-*
ouſly agitated. So is the *Aire* too *M-*
ſtix, and the *wind*; and ſince thy *a-*
finition is ſo *large*, it were not *amiſſe*
ask thee, to *which* of theſe *three* th
doeſt *apply* it? But you are a skilfu
Logician, the *Eſſential difference*
behind, and now *Readers* take it
mongſt you. *The fire is a body made*
particles, which reſt not one by anothe
but fridge one againſt another. Ha
ha! he! Surely thy *Taylours Goo*
was heated with this *fire*, when it *hiſſ*
at *thee*, as at *another Gooſe* for acquai
tance. But let us examine this *eſſe*
tiall difference, if it be ſuch. *The Fi*
(ſayſt thou) *conſiſts of particles*: B
doe not the *Aire* and the *Water* t
conſiſt of *particles*? Yes verily *M*
ſtix according to thy *Philoſophie*, ar

th

hus hast thou given us a *definition* of *Fire*, which is *proper* also to *Water* ind *Aire*, for there is no *difference* in t. But come thou *Hackney* of *Des Chartes!* I tell thee, I have formerly confuted thy *particles*, and clearly *demonstrated* their *vanitie*. Let mee know then to what *purpose* doest thou mention *fire* in this place? I will tell thee *Harry*, and so answer for thee. Thou hast *created* a *soule* of *Kitchin-fire* and *Atoms*, and then thou hast spent *five pages* to *confute* thy own *creature*. The soule *Mastix* which I did speak of, is a *living intelligent Fire* or *Light*, a *Light* which *descends* from the *first Father* of *Lights*, and a *Fire* which *proceeds* from *God himself*, who is a *consuming Fire*. Now my friend, I will see what thou hast to say against *this Fire*, and before I have done, that *very Fire* shall *answer* all thou *sayst*. Prepare then *Harry*, and as I have told thee elsewhere, prick

prick up thy *Puritan Eares*: κλῦθι πῦρ πυρὸς, *Audi Ignis vocem.*

Thy *attempts* against this Fire *Ma*
ſtix, begin with a *demand*, and th
is it. *Is there* (ſayſt thou) *any ſubſtanc*
in this Fire, which we may call the E
ſential forme thereof, or no? Th
Queſtion my friend is a *Bull*, for
told thee the *very ſoule* was a *Fir*
and now thou doeſt aske me if th
Fire hath an *Eſſential forme*, which
as much, as if thou didſt aske me,
the *ſoule* hath a *ſoule*? But that I ma
ſtate, and *fix* thy giddy *Brains*, I wi
give thee a quick and a full anſwe
This *Fire* is really a *Fire*, but a *divi*
living one. It is withall the *Eſſenti*
intelligent forme it ſelf, and in all th
there is no *inconveniencie*. Yes, the
is, ſaith *Harry Moore*: For *how ca*
it organize the body, the parts of th
Fire tending as much this way, as th
way, or at leaſt tending only one wa
ſuppoſe upward? Thou art indeed

ra

ire *disputant*, but I would have thee
now that these *motions* belong to
itchin-fire, of which *stuffe* thou hast
ade thy *soule*: But the *Fire* I speak
f is a *living intelligent Fire*, and his
otions are neither *casuall* nor *neces-*
ry, but they are *voluntary*, for he acts
; he *wils*, *dilates* and *contracts* him-
lf, *moves* and *rests* as he thinks *fit*.
his is the true active nature *Mastix*,
id this is *Principium Motus & Quie-*
s. Your second argument is a ridi-
ilous, fanatic *Foolerie*, and thus it
ns. *How can this fire informe the*
hole body of a man, for it was but big
ough when he was a Child, it will be
o little for him, now that he is a man,
nlesse we suppose it to grow, and to be
urished? Now Sir I must aske you,
the *Taylour*, whose *Iron-goose* you
rmerly *mention'd*, did ever take *mea-*
re of your *soule*, that you should
ow how *big*, and how *little* it is? If
ot, how came you to *know* that it is

too

too little for a *man*, becauſe it is t
enough for a *Child*? But in go
earneſt Sir *Maurus*, what *compaſſe* w
you *allow* to the ſouls *ſphere* of *ac*
vitie? no more than what the *Ha*
comes to; the *little Boy* in the *Baske*
Let the *Child* alone *Harry*, for if
ſhould *ſpring* like *Og* of *Baſan*,
ſoule will have *ardour* and *power*
nough to *informe* him. The reſt
your *arguments* doe but deſtroy a *ſo*
which you *your ſelf* have *made*, nam
ly a *Joule* of *particles* or *Atoms*. Ho
ſoever I cannot but *obſerve*, that
the way you tell us, *That Fire is v*
of ſenſe, and therefore can be no ſou
May the *Readers* thank you for th
Information! Once more you
quaint them, how you *fight* with *I*
chin-fire, and the *Atoms* of *Des Ch*
tes, whom you have *miſtaken* in
note for *Eugenius Philalethes*. Fr
this place to the end of your *Chap*
you tell us of an *Atome* in the *mid*

l an *Atome* at the *out-side*, with *re-*
linear and *circular Motions* of *Par-*
les. Then you fall upon *Lines*,
uters, *Square-figures*, *Parallels*,
pendiculars, *Points*, and *Orbs*: and
this to make your *Frie* of *Atoms*
ice. Lastly you bring *your Soule* out
the *Body* to *conflict with the boy-*
ous winds, and here your *Kitchin-*
: dies, and *Lucretius* writes the
itaph. Alas poore *soule*! It was
wn out by the *winds* as other *flames*
d *candles* are, for it was made of the
ne stuffe; And now *Mastix* the
ffe of it *smoaks*, and your Obser-
tion *stinks* at the *cloze*. Truly Sir,
I were dispos'd to employ my *wit*,
have a faire *opportunitie* to *sport*:
o man can desire more *advantages*
an you have given me in this *Chase*
your own *Chimæra's*. But at thsi
ne tis not my *placet*: I will for once
ke you to *mercy*, but with this *sober*
ensure, that your *Philosophie* is but

fanſie, and I may ſtyle your *Booke* the language of *Heſiod*, φῦλον ὀνείρων *Agmen Somniorum*.

Thus Sir have I pardoned your m ny *Sophiſtries*, but a ſingle *Bull* I ca not paſſe by: It is a *fault* I owe ſon *ſpleen* to, eſpecially when it com from a *Maſter* of *Arts*, and a *Pedag* in *Chriſt's College*. The *Soul* (ſay yo *is a Spirituall Subſtance without Co poreall Dimenſions, but hath an Imm teriall Amplitude Dilatable, and Co tractible*. Is not this a Bull *Maſti* or ſhall I call it a *Problem*, which ſh be a *new name* for a *Bull* betwixt y and me, leſt I ſhould diſcover you t often? Why *Harry*! A *Subſtan* without *Dimenſions*, and yet *dilata* and *contractible*? what is this? thing that is *long* without *length*, a though it hath no *length*, it may *ſhortned*? I aske thee if the *Soul* ha the ſame *bounds* or *limits* when ſhe *dilated*, as when ſhe is *contracted*?

e *same*, then *dilatation* and *contracti-*
are the *same*. If not the *same*, then
e hath *dimensions*, for she is now *lon-*
r, now *shorter*. But in good earnest
ow doest thou distinguish *Amplitude*
om *Dimensions* in reference to *dila-*
tion and *contraction*? Doest thou
eake in the same sense, as when we
Amplissime Domine? Well! goe
y waies, for thou art past all *sense*
th of *Rhetorics* and *Physics*.

Observation 10.

[*You are indeed very good at Simi-*
litudes, &c. You will find me so
re I have done with you, but I will
trayle and *vapour*, it is no part of
y businesse. Here you are fooling
th my *Magicall Chain* by which
Soule descends to Generation, and
dly would you *unravell* it. Let us
then how you fall to your worke,
you speak of a *bare point*, which

will prove but a *blunt one*. You
that three Portions of Light should fe
up two, or five one, rather than
should fetch downe three, or five, or t
Is not this your *Bare point*? It is ind
bare of all *understanding*, for thou d
not consider what thou sayst: Doe *s*
rits move *upwards* or *downwards* w
they apply to *Generation*? which
do they incline *Harry*, to the *body*
from the *body*? If *to* the *body*,
should the *Soule* attract *upwards* c
trary to her owne *inclination*? T
art indeed a pure *Ignoramus*! D
thou not know that every *Agent*
according to the *lawes* of the *Uni*
sall Nature, and the *end* prescribe
those *Lawes*? Now the *end* her
Generation, and the *inferiour L*
qualifies the *Body*, and makes it cap
of the *Superior*; for *simile simili*
det, *Superiors* will easily agree
Inferiors, when they are *temper'*
assimilated to them in *Comple*

his *preparation* makes the *Soule de-*
end naturally, as to a place *fitted* for
r, but that she should attract her *Body*
any *part* of it *upwards*, is a thing
ntrary to her owne *propension*, and
structive to the Generative Lawes
Nature. Nay, it is *destructive* to
e very *Nature* of the *Soule*, that she
ould worke contrary to her owne
clinations and *Motions*: and which
more absurd, contrary to that *end*,
r which the very *Magnetisme*, or
mboll of *Principles* was Ordain'd.
hou maist as well returne to thy *Kit-*
in-fire, and tell me it is the *Nature*
fire to *ascend*, and therefore the
un-beames, and *Light* of *Heaven*
ould not *descend*. Thou art, my
iend, a *stranger* in the *Schoole* of *Na-*
re, thou doest not know the mutuall
onspiracie, and that miraculous
eague, which is between *superiors*
nd *inferiors*.

Observation 13.

Assure thy self Eugenius, *&c.* I doe assure my self *Mastix*, th canst not *answer* to any *one* of the Canst thou tell me, *why Grasse* is *gre* If not *this*, how darest thou prete an *abilitie* to resolve those *questi* which I propos'd to thee concern the *Rationes Seminales*, which th hast never *seen*; nor hast thou *s* their *Operations* in their generall sp matical *Chaos?* Truly *Harry*, th art so far from *knowing* them, I d say thou canst not put *Rationes Se nales* into *English*, and give me *true meaning* of the *notion*. Thou h indeed taken a right course to save *credit*: Thy *answer* is, *thou doest th it fit to answer none of them*. Ha! h he! But I will now see what *answer* is to those *arguments*, wh I urg'd to prove the *Centrall Ar*

n *Intelligent Artist*. Your answer *Mastix* is, that the *Centrall Artist*, hich your *ignorance* falsly calls *Ratio Seminalis*, hath *no reason at all*, either *knows he what he doth*, but *he orks like the Spring of a Watch, which nows not the End of its motion, but the Artificer that made the Spring, knows t.* Ha! ha! he! If the Centrall Artist *knows not what he doth*, then he hath *no knowledge at all*; and this indeed thou doest *grant*, for (sayst thou) *he hath no Reason or animadversion in himself.* Tell me then if the *Centrall Spirit* of *man* be a *Knowing Spirit*, or *no?* If he *be* (and questionlesse he is) why should he not *know* what he *doth?* If he be no *Knowing Spirit*, how comes *man* then to be a *Knowing creature?* Fie upon thee thou *Quack*! never was there in the world such an impudent, ignorant *Scribler*. As for *Plotinns*, and *Ficinus*, put *them* and thy *Watch* in thy *pocket*. It matters not

what they ſay, thou art ſuch another *Platonic* thy *ſelf*, for they follow'd *fanſie* not *experience*, neither did they ever *ſee* the *Light* of *Nature*.

Obſervat. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19

HEre thou doeſt prate at my *Clavis* of *Magic*, but learne to *underſtand* what is *written*, and thou wilt lay thy *hand* to thy *mouth*, and ſpeak no more. Thy next *Cavill* is *That I beſtow a wife on the God of* Iſrael, *and then make her an Adulteresſe* I ſay, That the *God* of *Iſrael* impregnats *nature* with his *ſpirit*, and whoever ſays the *contrary*, is a *Trayto* to the *Majeſtie* of *God*. As for *Adulterie*, I know not any, but *what* I found in thy *Book*. There indeed thou haſt made *God* himſelf an *Adulterer*: nay thou haſt *jeſted* at *him* with an impious *Sarcaſm*, That *he had given Hornes to the Cæleſtiall ſigns*. This is damnable

nable *blasphemie*, and therefore *ent* betimes, for the *day* comes erein he will *judge thee* for it. But u doest so run on, I am afraid thy *science* is *sear'd*, for having first sphemed *God*, thou doest in the next ce blaspheme his *Creatures*. Thou st call those things *pittifull ser-es*, by which *God* himself hath *dis-er'd* and *confirm'd* his *glory*. But hey be *such*, why hast thou not an-er'd my *arguments* to the *contrary*? e truth is, thou *couldst not*, but thou t *resolved* to be *blasphemous*, and *furie* makes thee *Kick against the cks*.

Observation 20.

N*Ow you shew how wise you are*, &c. Here you tell me, *the stars cannot receive any light from the Sun, no more than s Earth can from one single Star*

Why

Why so *Mastix?* because the *St*
are *neerer* to the *Sun*, than this *Ea*
is to the *Stars*? Ha! ha! he! But y
have another argument to *divo*
the *Sun* and the *Stars*. The *liz*
vibration of their Light shewes plai
that it is their own, not borrowed.
shewes indeed they are at a *great*
stance from us, for the *Scintillat*
of the *fixed Stars* by all *Philosoph*
but thy self, is *referr'd* to their *r*
Removall, but as to their *Light*,
proves *nothing*. This is all Mal
Moore, that you have *objected* to r
and my *Philosophie*. The rest
your *Booke* is a supposed *Victori*
Raunt. You are full of a *tumultu*
pride, and for want of *another* to p
clame your *exploits*, you crie
your self, *Loe there lyes the conta*
ous spectrum of Ephesus! Who is
I pray you Sir, that lyes the
Eugenius Philalethes? Bravely p
fou

rn'd Sir! You have *shot* your *uill* quite *through* him;

So right your shaft was set,
The gray Goose wing that was thereon
In his Heart's bloud was wet.

Trust me Sir, it is pitty you did not arch at *Chevie-chase*, you are better kill'd at a *Goose-quill* than *Robin Hood*. ut I have done, I will not tread upn a *worme*, it is enough that he lyes my *feet*. One thing I shall tell you or a *Farewell*, and slight it not beause it comes from me:

—— *Fas est & ab Hoste doceri.*

I advise you to keep within your *here*, it is a *Madnesse* to *censure hose things* you doe not *understand*: or you leave *behind* your *Reason*, when you goe beyond your *Apprehension*

Apprehenſion. This I think is go
Counſell, and if you being a *Poet* lik
it not in *Proſe*, be pleas'd to take it
our *Oxford verſe.*

Tempt not your ſtars beyond their Ligh

FINIS.

The Errata's in the First part.

Age 24. Line 14. for *Glase* read *Glass*. p. 45. l. 6. r. אק ibid l. 21. r. *χεῖσθαι*. ibid. l. ult. r. *πνευματῶν*. p. 71 11. r. *Tripods*. p. 89. l. ult. for *gows* r. *growes*. p. 91. 4. r. *δύναται* p. 95. l. 1. r. *All the Gold to a Bloudy wder*. In the Title page r. *De Deo absque Lumine*.

The Errata's in the second part.

Age 22. Line 2. for *blame* read *blames*. p. 23. l. 22. for *opace* r. *opake*. p. 24 l. 17. r. *as they speak perhaps*, c. p. 28. l. 1. r. *The flux of it*, &c. p. 31. l. 20. for *om* r. *for*. p. 32. l. 1. for *the* r. *this*. p. 47. l. 1. r. *dip it ice more*, &c. p. 77. l. 14. r. *Superlative*. p. 76. l. 6. r *or* r. *for*.

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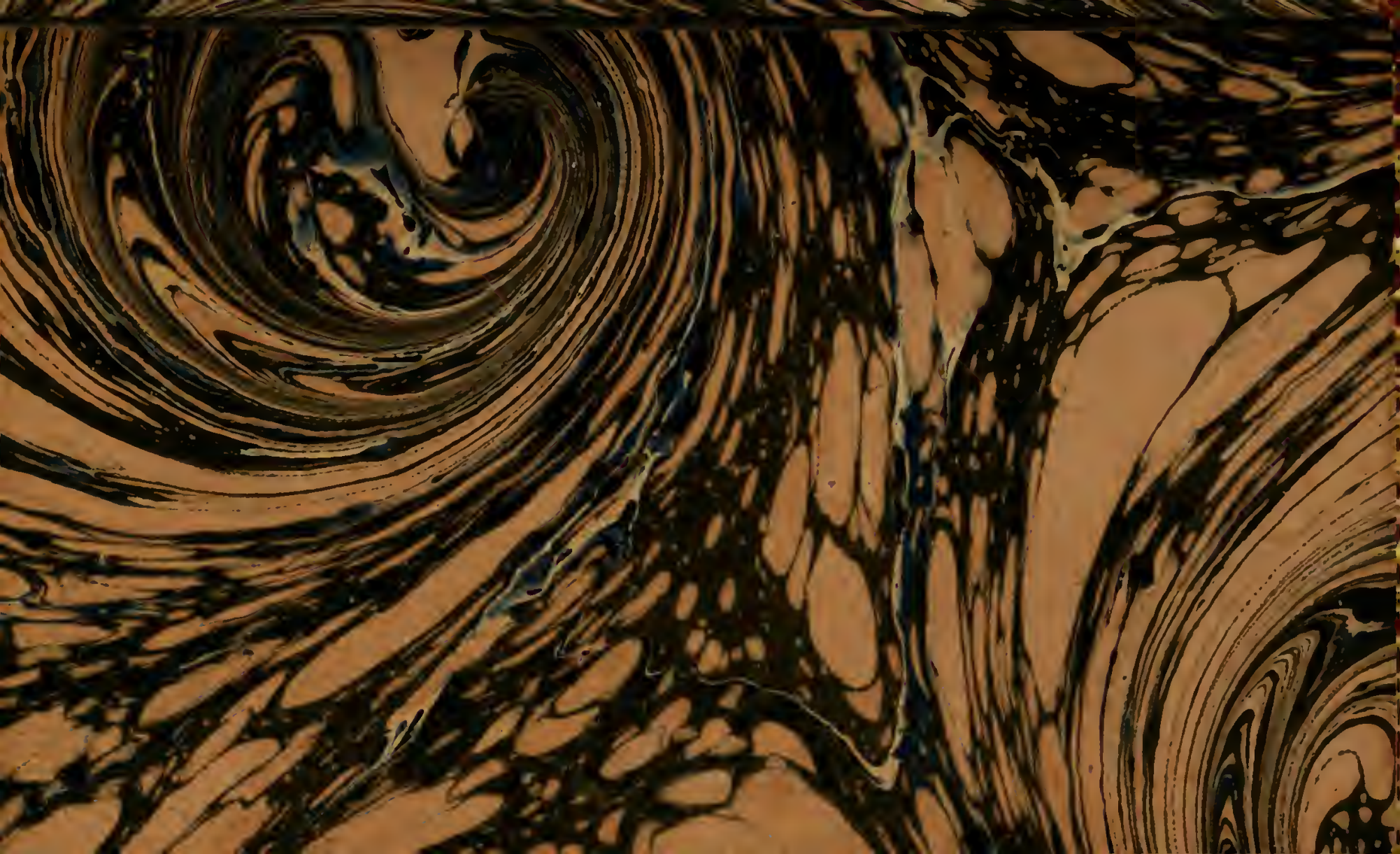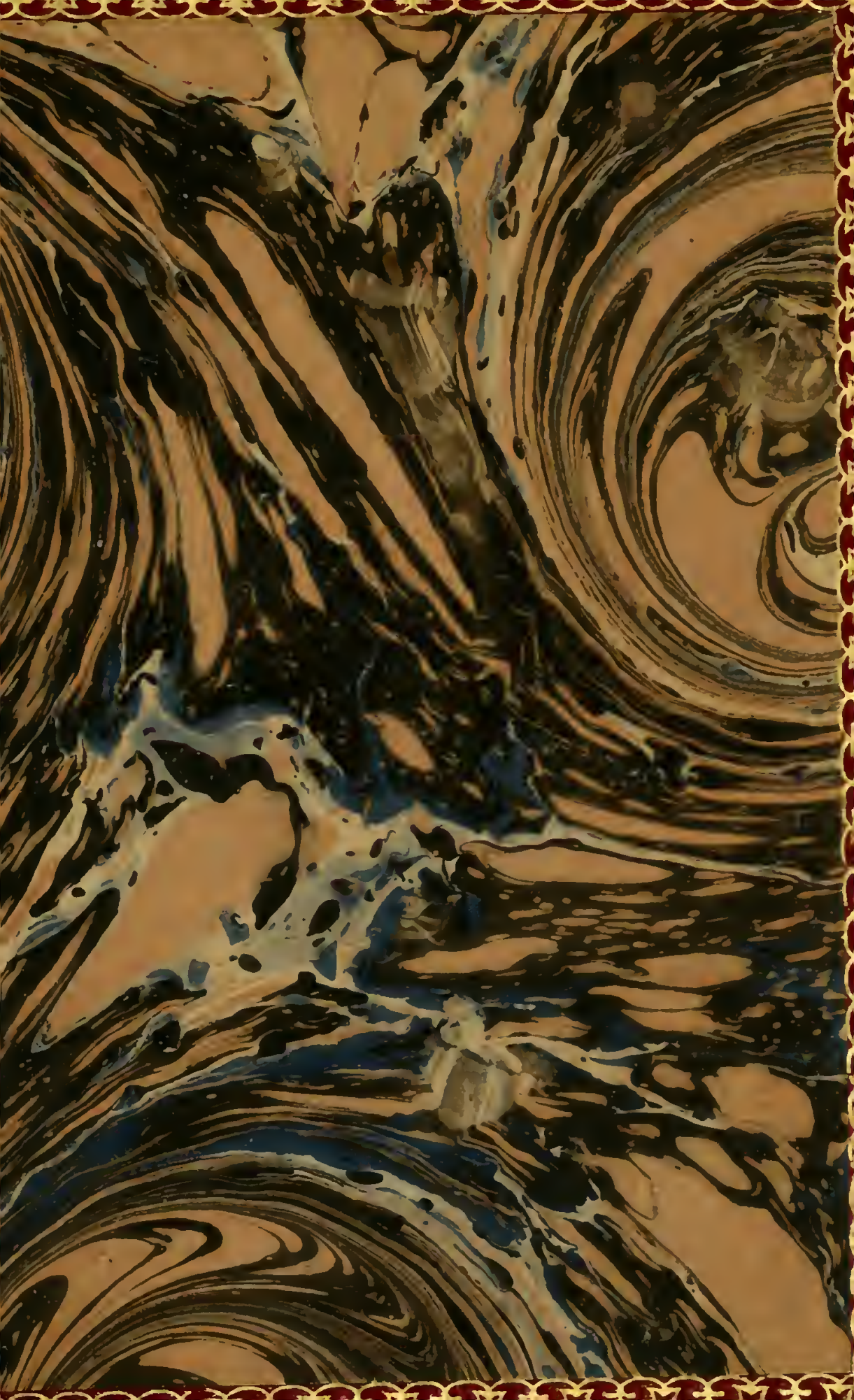
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